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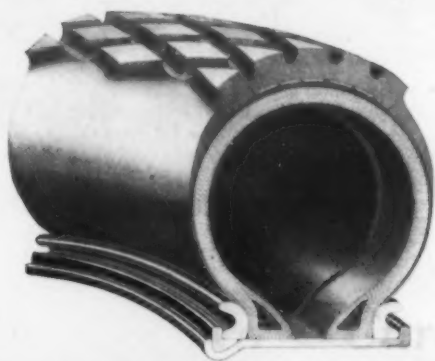
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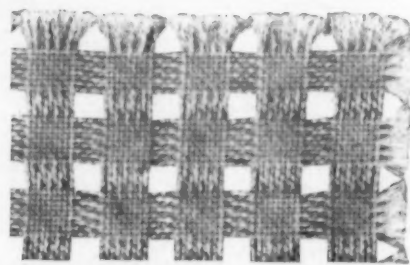
Common or Garden Earth

By CYNTHIA
STOCKLEY





Our "On-Air" Cure
Costs \$1,500 Daily
Just to Minimize Blow-Outs



This "Rivet Fabric"
Cost \$50,000
To Prevent Tread Separation

Costly Goodyear Features Which No One Else Employs

Note now two other reasons why Goodyears won the topmost place in Tiredom.

Two vital, costly features, as exclusive to us as No-Rim-Cut tires.

Two other big economies, which we alone have paid the price to get.

Saving Blow-Outs

Next to rim-cutting—which we completely avoid—the costliest tire damage, perhaps, is the blow-out.

This is sometimes caused by your neglect—sometimes by accident. It can't be entirely avoided.

But the chiefest cause is broken fabric—wrinkled or buckled fabric—caused by curing on an iron core. And that cause we remove in No-Rim-Cut tires, at a cost of \$1,500 per day.

Cured on Inner Tubes

We call this the "On-Air" cure. It means that the tires are final-vulcanized on air bags, shaped like inner tubes. That in place of an iron core.

Thus the tires are cured, as they are used, on elastic air. The rubber and fabric adjust themselves to actual road conditions. The strains are equalized.

The fabric is not left wrinkled and buckled as it is when cured on an iron core. There are no points where

wrinkled fabric avoids all its share of the strain.

And that does happen in a large percentage of tires cured in other ways. That is the main cause of blow-outs.

This "On-Air Cure," which no one else employs, costs us \$1,500 daily. We spend that sum over any other maker to cut down your blow-out cost.

Rubber Rivets Fasten on the Tread

Tread separation, in tires wrongly made, occurs near the breaker strip. It is one of the main tire troubles. This breaker strip, in every well-made tire, comes between the fabric and the tread.

Most breaker strips are solid weaves. Ours is a special open weave. See picture at the top.

The tread rubber, before curing, is forced through these holes, to join with the rubber below. Then the tread and the carcass are vulcanized into one mass.

GOODYEAR
 AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

*With or Without
 Non-Skid Treads*

There are over 500 large rivets of rubber running down through this fabric, just where loose treads occur. We paid \$50,000 for the patent on this fabric, to save you from tread separation.

No Rim-Cutting

Then, by another exclusive feature, we have ended rim-cutting entirely.

Rim-cutting ruins nearly one tire in three of the hooked-base clincher type. This is shown by statistics gathered for us by certified public accountants.

They found that 31.8 per cent of ruined clincher tires had been discarded for rim-cutting only. That fearful waste is completely wiped out in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. That we guarantee.

No Extra Price

Yet these great tires now cost no extra price. With these costly features they used to cost one-fifth more than clinchers.

Now no standard tire of any type costs less than No-Rim-Cut tires. Yet we still include these features. That is due to our multiplied output, to a new-built factory and to new machinery.

Please mark this fact. These tires that can't rim-cut—with the "On-Air Cure"—with the "Rivet Fabric"—cost no more than tires which lack these features. Can't you see why these tires have come to outsell any other tire that's made?

Our dealers are everywhere.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
 More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
 Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.



I-Beam, Steering-Arm, Rear Axle Drive-Shaft and Knuckle, bent and twisted by powerful machines to test the toughness of the steel.

There's Safety in Axles that Stand Tests Like This—

—Safety in axles designed to meet the maximum stresses of every-day travel with a *big margin to spare*—built of materials so good that, if accident does bring strains beyond what the axles should bear, they will *stand right up to the last ounce of pressure and the last severe shock*—then bend but not break.

WHEN Harry Knight drove his racer head-on into a concrete wall at the Speedway May 30 1911, to save another man's life, the Timken Front Axle was bent by the intense impact. But that axle was afterward straightened and is running under a car today.

It is because Timken-Detroit Axle parts are so tough that they can be bent, twisted and flattened, cold, *without breaking*, that the man who rides on Timkens can confidently count on riding safely.

It requires terrific blows and tons of pressure, in special testing-machines, to bend these big, tough, cold, steel I-beams, steering arms, knuckles and driving shafts.

Tests like this are necessary to *prove* in our factory that the work of the steel-makers, the chemists, engineers and metallurgists was right.

To prove that, while wonderfully tough and strong, Timken-Detroit Axles are not brittle.

That the I-beams and spindles will not break under the weight of the loaded car as it drops suddenly into a deep rut or bumps over steel rails. Nor will a steering-arm, or a steering cross-rod snap, and leave the car unmanageable.

Problems in Safety

To get steel that is strong enough, and hard enough to stand the steady stress; and yet so tough that it cannot break under sudden shock, has been no simple problem. And to get it without undue weight has been another problem.

These problems could not be solved through knowledge of the chemistry of steel alone. It meant testing samples

of steels from all over the world, observing and recording the effect on these steels of heating them to different temperatures and quenching them in different baths.

Concentrated Study

Out of the multiplicity of analyses, heat-treatments and testings, and out of long experience in every type of car under all conditions of service, has come the best steel for each axle part, and the best formulas for heat-treatment of each part.

Only concentrated devotion to the one problem of axle-building could determine the right steel and the right heat-treatment—just as it has developed the right design, size and relation of the different axle parts.

And Still More Study

Although Timken-Detroit Axles justified themselves from the very beginning of the automobile industry by satisfactory service in motor-cars, pleasure and commercial, the work of study, experiment and investigation has continued through all the years that have followed. It has made, and is making every year, new contributions to the wonderful things accomplished in this Twentieth Century by heat-treatment.

The safety and satisfaction of the man who rides on Timken-Detroit Axles are secure because back of the axle is the great human organization that has worked together for one common object during all the years of motor-car manufacture.

There are no more important parts of your car than the axles and their bearings. Why this is so is told in the Timken Primers, B-3 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles," and B-4 "On the Care and Character of Bearings." Sent free postpaid, from either address below.



THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Michigan
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio



The Style



Book

Fall & Winter

When you get a copy of *The Style Book* for fall, here's what you'll find in it:

1. A series of artistic illustrations showing the new models in men's clothes; new soft-roll sacks; the latest in shawl-collar overcoats; the men's-styles-for-women models. And a few words to tell you what style really means.
2. We have something to say about the price of good clothes; we'll tell you why you'd better pay \$25 or more for a suit or overcoat; but you'll find good clothes with our name in them for less.
3. In a few words you'll find a statement that ready clothes, as we make them—all wool fabrics, fine tailoring, satisfaction guaranteed—are better for you to buy than made-to-measure clothes. It's a convincing statement; better read it.
4. Young men will be particularly interested in the illustrations of their special models, and in what's said about them.
5. The question of fit is touched on; you'll get a new idea about that in this *Style Book*; you can be correctly fitted in ready clothes.
6. Men's styles for women are the coming thing; not simply "mannish" styles for women—dressmakers and women's tailors have been doing that right along. These are men's styles; made that way.

The *Style Book* is a valuable contribution to a subject that interests a good many people; don't treat it as a mere advertisement. You can get something out of it. If you're not sure of seeing a copy, send us your name. The book will be ready about September 1st.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York

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Common or Garden Earth



By Cynthia Stockley

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Part I

THE passionate life of the cities, with its gusts and flurries, carried out upon the veldt of Rhodesia, under southern constellations, stands out with a poignancy and clearness impossible amid the drabness of streets. Miss Stockley brings men and women who are supercivilized, as well as a sophisticated hero made of common earth, into a strange and effective contrast with the wild South African background. Powerful situations result.

THERE always seems to be more ardor and vitality in blue-eyed people than in others, and Diane Heywood and Maryon Hammond were both blue-eyed—with a difference. His were blue as the inner light of a glacier, with something of the ice's quality in their steady stare—a fighter's eyes, hard as a rock that you cannot break with an ax. They were the kind of eyes that women forgive anything to. Indeed Hammond had spent most of his thirty-eight years sinning against women, and they forgave him even unto seventy times seven; and that was as far as the Holy Scriptures entered into the matter. Like Napoleon, he was a little fellow when it came to measurements, but so alert, high headed, and graceful that no one would have guessed him to be something under five foot eight, and he had the swiftest, most silent feet in Africa, whether for dancing, running, leaping, tracking a lion, or kicking a negro. A copper complexion, bestowed upon him by the land he loved, and a small tan-colored mustache above a somewhat traplike mouth made up the rest of his equipment. It may be gathered that he was no beauty; but he was the captain of his soul, such as it was, and he carried himself as though the gods had elected him to be one of the eternal captains of the earth.

Diane Heywood's eyes were long and deep and cool, with shadows in them like the shadows under far hills on a hot day, and that should have been enough for any woman; but the gods had been good to her and added a slim little nose that grew straight out

of her forehead like a Greek woman's, dragging her upper lip so high that there seemed nothing of it except a red curve above another red curve, and a short firm chin with a cleft in it. It was hard to tell what in all these soft curves and dimples should suggest a pride of spirit almost insolent, a scorn of all things that were not high and clear and noble. It might have been something in the tilt of her head, the turn of her mouth, or the unflickering character of the shadows in her eyes; but whatever or wherever its origin, it was there for all men to read, and not the least of her attractions when read; for all men, whether they know it or not, love that quality of pride in women, recognizing, dimly or clearly according to their natures, that on it is based all fine and great things in the generation to come.

However, if instead of possessing the beauty of a May day, Miss Heywood had been the dullest and plainest of girls, she would still have enjoyed, for a time at least, the rather enchanting experience of having all the men in Fort Salisbury buzzing about her like bees around a rose on a June morning, and every woman hanging on her lips as if she were the oracle of Thebes. For she had come straight from England, and the charm of "home" still hung about her even as the color of "home" stayed in her cheeks. She had seen fields—little square fields with hedges growing round them, and buttercups growing in them—plucked blackberries and cowslips, ridden to hounds in the Black Vale, heard the jingle of hansom bells and busses rumbling on asphalt and the boom of Big Ben, tasted London fog, smelled the Thames, seen Charles I riding down Whitehall, and Nelson's cocked hat lost in the mist. She, the latest comer, had seen and done and heard all or any of these dear and desirable things later than any of the homesick exiles in Salisbury, therefore was she most dear and desirable beyond all things that be.

"She was London, she was Torment, she was Town." There were in Rhodesia women whom men loved or revered or tolerated or disliked or desired, as the case might be, but for the time being these were neglected and forgotten for the society of "the girl from home."

FIVE men were on the verge of proposing to her—one of whom, by the way, was already engaged—when suddenly Maryon Hammond, with his dog Boston at his heels, cropped up from his mining camp out beyond Mazoe. And when "Marie" Hammond set his gay, bad eyes on a woman's face, and his feet on the path that led to that woman's heart, the other

men were just wise enough to drop out of the running and pretend they didn't mind.

Like all great passions, it did not take long to come to a head—only a few afternoon rides across the short, springy veldt grass, a few moonlit evenings with music in the house and loungers in the verandas, a supper or two up in the old kopje fort, and then the ball got up by Hammond and his cronies at the club.

When, after the fifth waltz, Diane Heywood came into the ballroom from the dim veranda, where she had been sitting out a dance with Maryon Hammond, her eyes were like two violets that had been plucked at dawn with the mists of the night still on them. She had the lovely dewy look of a girl who had been kissed in the darkness by the man she loves, a girl whose heart has waked up and found itself beating in a woman's breast.

THEY had only known each other a week, but it was plain to see what had come to them. She wore the news in her parted lips, her tinted cheeks, and the little rumple of her hair. He walked as one whom the gods have chosen to honor, pride of life written across his face; yet in his eyes was a humility curious in Maryon Hammond. He had met his Waterloo.

Some of the women gave little sighs, not of envy so much as in a kind of sadness that certain beautiful things only come once in each woman's life, however much she may try and repeat or give base imitations of them; and most men felt a sort of warmth in their veins as they looked at those two radiant beings. But a number of people merely contented themselves with feeling extremely glad that the career of Maryon Hammond as a pirate in love was at an end.

For it must here be admitted that the spectacle of a woman holding out her soul in both hands for Maryon Hammond to play with or walk over or throw into the fires that burn and consume was not an altogether novel one to some at least of those present; it had been witnessed before in various parts of Africa—and the entertainment, it may be mentioned, is not a pretty one when the man concerned is not worrying particularly about souls. People said that Marie Hammond took toll of women's souls for something a woman had once done to his own, long ago in his own country, America; but none knew the rights of the story.

Then there was his friendship with the beautiful Cara de Rivas. No one had been quite sure how far, if at all, her soul had entered into that matter; but it was certain that tongues had been set a-wagging,

for Maryon Hammond's friendship was a dangerous if fascinating thing for a woman to possess, unless she happened to be the woman he was going to marry. And Cara de Rivas was already married. That was the trouble. For Nick de Rivas, a big, handsome, if slightly morose, fellow, was plainly something less than sympathetic with his wife's midsummer madness; even though until Hammond called his attention to the matter he had appeared to be blind and indifferent to the fact that he had a pretty and charming wife.

There had been considerable relief felt when De Rivas, in spite of his home and large mining interests being in Mashonaland, had suddenly decided to take his wife away on a trip to England.

"And no bones broken!" sighed Rhodesians, though they sought in vain for confirmation of that or any other legend in the stony stare of Maryon Hammond. They were a romantic people, those Rhodesians, in the far-off days of 1896, with no rooted objection to illegal adventure, but though Hammond was neither good nor beautiful, he had endeared himself to the country in many ways, and everyone was glad to think that his stormy career was likely to come to an end in the peaceful harbor of marriage instead of in some more tragic fashion. And no one could help rejoicing that Fate had arranged for the advent of Jack Heywood's sister while the De Rivas were still away, and that the whole affair was likely to be fixed up before the De Rivas' return, which, by the way, after the lapse of nearly a year, had already been signaled.

THE Hammond-Heywood engagement then was announced about two weeks after the ball at the club, though everyone knew perfectly well that it had been signed and sealed, so to speak, on that night, the extra two weeks being thrown in as a concession to conventionality and a sort of bonus to the men who had been about to propose. Besides, Miss Heywood had a family in England whom it was Hammond's business to consult and beguile, and consultations and beguilements take time as well as money when they have to be conducted by cable. In the meantime it was plain that love had found Maryon Hammond at last, and that he was loved openly and gladly back. It was for all the world to see—as patent as the silver stars on a purple African night. He would walk roughshod over everybody in a drawing room or cricket field or polo ground to reach her side, and she would openly and obviously forget everybody else in the place and in the world when he was there. No matter how big or how curious the crowd, these two were alone in it when they were together. People said that it must have been a strange, almost piquant, sensation to Hammond, so expert in secret intrigue, so versed in the dissimulation and duplicity of illegal adventure, to be at last conducting a love affair in the open, reckless of the eyes of men and the tongues of women, because for once the woman in the case had nothing to fear!

Be that as it may, a passion so fine and frank and careless had never before been seen in a land where great passions are not rare, and Salisbury genuflected before it in all reverence and admiration.

It was at this propitious juncture that the De Rivas elected to return. Their home was not in Salisbury, but about seventy miles off, out Mazoë way, too, and incidentally not above ten miles from Hammond's own camp, but they put up at a hotel in town for a week or two to give Mrs. de Rivas time to recover from the fatigue of a long coach journey, and he welcomed back by old friends. Promptly all the women in the town went to call and take the news of the Hammond-Heywood engagement.

THE Spanish Inquisition is no more, but the gentle art of putting the question accompanied by the watching torture has not yet been lost. Even when malice is absent, who can eradicate curiosity from the feminine temperament? Cara de Rivas's dearest and most intimate inquisitors were tender toward her, however. They considered it only human that they should desire to know how she was "taking it," but they had no coarse intent of putting questions. Merely they hoped to extract a few answers

—eyes and lips and incidentally clothes tell so much! And behold! two of the answers were entirely unexpected. The first was that Cara de Rivas was as deeply in love with her husband as he was plainly and profoundly in love with her. This was for all the world to see and all the world proclaimed it instantly; but the other and charming piece of news was more subtly distributed. Women conveyed it by means of their eyebrows, with benign little smiles, and cryptic remarks, such as: "It was all for the best." "It would make such a bond." "No more dangerous friendships." "It would help the poor thing to forget (if there was anything to forget!)."

seu should occupy the minds and tongues of his friends far more than the threatened rising of the natives! But that was ever the way of Rhodesians in 1896. "Take care of the affairs of your neighbor," ran their motto, "and the affairs of the country will take care of themselves." Besides, the natives had threatened so often: it was absurd to be disturbed about them.

The growing restlessness and insolence of the Mashona tribes kraaled in the Salisbury, Mazoë, and Lomagundi districts—that is, within a sixty-mile radius of the capital—was, in fact, notorious, and many of the outlying farmers and miners professed uneasiness; but the native commissioners, whose business it was to know such things, scoffed at their fears. The notion of a rebellion among a tribe of people long downtrodden and browbeaten by the fierce Matabeles, and now for the first time enjoying prosperous and unharried life under the white man's rule, found the commissioners sneering incredulously.

"Makalikas show fight!" scoffed Brebner, head of the native department and terror of every black face from Vryburg to Blantyre. "Great Lord of War! There is not one 'liver' among the whole 50,000 of them. But, of course, they're cheeky—all niggers are when they get fat, and it only takes one good season with the crops for that. Moreover, you must remember that it is now about six years since the Matabeles knocked annual spots off them, and they are beginning to forget who it was stopped that by smashing the Matabeles. Therefore they are cheeky, also inclined to think they are great. But you give me ten men and three Cape 'boys' and I'll settle the hash of any 10,000 of them in this blessed country."

THIS last to the administrator, for whose permission he was nagging to go and "remonstrate" with the ringleaders of a tribal fight down Victoria way. The administrator smiled at the word. He was aware that Brebner invariably "remonstrated" with a "sjambok," but, being a wise man and one who had lived a great part of his life among natives, he was also aware that Brebner's mode of argument was the best and only one properly appreciated by "our poor black brothers in South Africa," as they are fancifully described at Exeter Hall.

So, eventually Brebner and suite were allowed to depart upon their hash-settling expedition. They rode out one pink dawn and the veldt swallowed them up; thereafter peace fell upon Salisbury, and all talk of a native rising was dismissed.

The discussion on Hammond's trousseau was resumed at the club.

Only Hammond himself did not think it good enough to stay on with his bride in a country which seemed to him unsettled and breathing of war, and he did not hesitate to state his intention in spite of jeers.

"Why, hello, Marie!" they mocked him at the club, and quoted remarks from "The Gadsbys":

"White hands cling to the bridle rein!"

And:

*"You may carve it on his tombstone, you may cut it on his card,
That a young man married is a young man married," etc.*

"That's all right," laughed Hammond serenely. "But I'll take a year off for my honeymoon just the same, and you fellows can put things straight with the niggers. Afterward I'll come back and congratulate you and bring up the new machinery for the Carissima."

THE Carissima Gold Mine belonged to Hammond and Carr and Rider, and looked like panning out wealth untold in the near future.

"Oh, you're crazy, Marie," said Billy Blake, head of the mounted police, striving to be patient with the renegade. "Love has gone to your head. There isn't going to be any row with the natives. Compose yourself, my son."

Hammond composed himself, as requested, in a large lounge chair, his feet on another. Leisurely, and with obvious enjoyment of his pipe, he explained that in his opinion love and war

(Continued on page 28)



"I will believe anything you tell me," she said gently at last; "I ask nothing better than to hear that it is only scandal!"

Afterward all wise people let the story of "the dangerous friendship" die and be buried, as all things that are dead as nails ought to be buried and put out of sight. And no one but a few scandal lovers talked of anything but the speedily approaching marriage. The men of Salisbury made Bernard Carr's life a torment to him, accusing him of being busier than a hen with a tin chicken getting Maryon Hammond's trousseau ready, while they went into the matter of that same trousseau with profane and particular detail. For Carr was Jonathan to Maryon Hammond's David, and his love for his friend was outrageous and notorious, passing all bounds. Like the mother of Asa, he made an idol in a grove; and the name of the idol was Hammond. The other friend and partner of Maryon Hammond was Rider, a dry, lean fellow of cynical disposition, professing affection for neither man, woman, nor dog; but throughout the long, sun-smitten days and rain-soaked nights of that wet, hot January, he was the only man who refrained from joining in the general ribaldry at Carr's expense, just because Carr, the perfected friend, neglected his own affairs to put Hammond's in order, so that the latter might in due time marry and leave the country; while Hammond, gay of heart and wonderfully brilliant of face, considering he had no looks, irreproachable always in white duck riding kit—*grande tenue* for Salisbury—laid away the sunlit, starlit hours with the moon of his desire that knew no wane.

Strange that the affair of Maryon Hammond's trousseau

Children of the Feudists

By Bruce Barton

ACCIDENTALLY we seem to have mislaid some three million Americans for a hundred years or so in the mountains of Kentucky. Now and again rumors of them have reached us—tales of feuds and moonshine distilling. Mr. Barton tells us here of the Columbus who discovered them and is bringing them swiftly into the twentieth century.

HALF lifting, half dragging, she carried Tom Mason back to the little log cabin and laid him on the bed. It had been coming to Tom. He had expected it. Ever since the day two years before when he had killed Joe Adams he had known that it would come sooner or later. Mornings when he went down to the spring for water there was always the haunting dread that it might come from behind any bush along the pathway. Evenings he had not sat beside the lamp for a long time lest it might come through the rough hole that served the cabin for a window.

Even to-day as he had knelt beside the spring and buried his head in the cool waters the fear of it was still present with him: it crystallized suddenly into a numbing horror when the weird, piercing cry of the mountaineer echoed through the narrow valley.

"O-ee-o!" It had sounded from somewhere up the mountain side, and Tom had stiffened at the cry, reaching out to the side where his old "weepun" lay.

"O-ee-o!" It came again; and this time its echoes were cut short by the sharp crack of a gun. The long, gaunt form of Tom Mason trembled a moment and then pitched headlong into the spring. It had come; another name was to be added to the long list of those who had kept the faith in the ancient Mason-Adams feud.

Only a glimmer of life remained when she brought him at last to the bed. Painfully he opened his eyes and pointed his hand first to the little boy who stood weeping at her side and then to the long squirrel gun hanging over the stone fireplace. Then the little spark died out. But she had understood. Even while she drew the sheet over his face she had gazed dry-eyed and vengeful, first at the boy and then at the gun. She measured silently the years that must elapse before Tom Mason's son would be old enough, and silently she registered her vow that she would live only for that day.

Death of Feudism

IT WAS commencement day at Berea College, Kentucky, some ten years later. Berea, by way of information, is the college of the Kentucky mountaineer, the only college in America whose entire student body is pure-blood American, the only college to which every student goes and no student is sent. You who have attended commencement at Harvard and Yale must put that remembrance out of mind. Instead of the

gayly gowned women and men tailored into drab conformity, picture a restless mass of long, gaunt, stoop-shouldered men garbed in homespun; picture women in bright-colored linsey-woleseys and sunbonnets, with children in their arms and many more children dragging happily at their dresses. All the morning they had been arriving on slow-moving ox teams, coming, some of them, thirty miles out of their mountain fastnesses to see the great day. For commencement at Berea is the great day of the mountains. The visit of the circus or a political rally is not to be compared with it. It is the one holiday of the whole family, the wife and the children as well as the man, when the mountaineers release their prisoned thousands that they may dazzle their eyes for once with buildings three stories high,

may hear the whistle of a locomotive, gaze perhaps on the fantastic structure of an automobile, and see and hear for themselves what "book larnin'" has wrought in their boys and girls. To the number of 10,000 they had packed themselves in and about the college chapel.

Inside, the great man, imported from the North for this occasion, had delivered his oration, and a half dozen students had followed him with earnest pleas on this important subject or that. The last speaker rose, a slim, black-haired young man, self-possessed and full at ease in spite of his first suit of "boughten clothes." He had selected no far-away subject. His appeal was an epitome of all that he had learned in his four years at Berea, a burning plea for the boy and girl of the mountains, for the mountain school, that it might be made the promoter of a better civilization, that there might be a new regard for law and order in "Lincoln's State for Lincoln's people."

While he spoke a faded little woman who sat far back in the audience gazed into his face with wet eyes that did not once waver. He was her boy; she had not seen him for four years, she had not realized that four years could do so much. She thought of that other day, ten years before, when she had dragged Tom Mason up the rough path and laid him on the bed. Her boy was old enough now, but—As the words fell on her ears she knew that something had happened, that somehow Berea had changed the lad. What it was that had happened her slow mind scarcely understood, but every word of that speech told her that her boy would never do it, that what she had looked forward to and had waited for could never be. Tom Mason would not be avenged; she knew it; every syllable that fell from her boy's lips shouted it to her. Slowly she raised her hand to her eyes and brushed away the tears that had settled there; and it was as though she swept with them something long-lived and hateful and corroding that had fed a long time on her mind.

While the applause rocked the chapel she kept her gaze fixed on his face; and then, catching his eye which had searched the audience for her, she waved her rough hand in a little timid gesture of greeting and smiled at him through her tears.



On the way to Berea, "the only college to which every student goes and no student is sent"

in the heart of the slave-holding Blue Grass section. The speaker is a hot-eyed young man of aristocratic bearing and tremendous earnestness; the audience are many of them slaveholders or the friends of slaveholders. The young man steps to the pulpit and holds up a bound volume.

The Bible, the Law, and a Good Revolver

"THIS," he says, "is a copy of the Holy Scriptures, which enjoins us to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. For the benefit of those of you who reverence the ordinances of God I will read from it.

"And this," lifting another volume, "is a copy of the 'Constitution of the Commonwealth of Kentucky,' which guarantees to every citizen the right of free speech. For those who fear not God but have respect for the laws of men, I lay it here beside the Scriptures.

"For those who fear neither God nor man, if there be any such present, I have still another argument." Reaching down into his capacious hip pocket, he produces a wicked-looking army revolver and lays it beside the Constitution and the Bible. Then from this bulwark erected to law and order he proceeds to arraign slavery before those slaveholders in words that burn with fire.

This was Cassius M. Clay, son of a slaveholder, prophet of abolition in Kentucky in the days when abolitionists and rattlesnakes shared an equal popularity. It was he who gave the land upon which the first Berea College building was erected, under the shadow of Bare Knob and West Pinnacle, from whose peak Daniel Boone caught his first glimpse of the Blue Grass country.

Men of Iron

ANOTHER picture. A company of horsemen have picked their way along ragged mountain paths and drawn up in front of a little frame house whose outlines stand out sharply in the moonlight. At their hail a young man appears in the doorway with a lamp in his hand. The leader of the band addresses him:

"Mr. Rogers, as a delegation representing the citizens of Madison County, we have come to warn you to leave the State within ten days, and to take the teachers of your school with you. We want no abolitionists in Kentucky."

The young man in the doorway was John A. R. Rogers, first principal of Berea College, built upon the land which Clay had given. His voice did not falter as he responded to that warning; it had been too well trained in meetings where angry words had been hurled at him and pistols fired. This midnight visit was no new thing in his experience; it was small change in the price he had paid and expected to pay for the defense of his convictions.

Another picture. A young man has gone from Kentucky to study theology in Lane Seminary, and comes back an abolitionist. His father, seeking to overcome his new heresy, gives him a young mulatto woman as his own. The young man sets her free and



A moonshine still, turned good; it pays its license now and keeps the law—but it could tell strange stories if it would

And the old Mason-Adams feud that had come down from father to son passed into history with that smile.

It matters not to you that the names of Mason and Adams are not found in the annals of Kentucky feudism; the real names would mean nothing to you, and there are reasons why they are better forgotten. For the important part of this story is not to be of feuds but of faith, of a man and an institution. It is the story of Berea College, which for sixty years and more has reached out into the moun-

uses his patrimony in publishing an antislavery tract. His father disowns him, and he goes forth with his young wife into the wilderness preaching the gospel of human freedom. He was John G. Fee, and he came to Berea and founded the church out of which grew the school.

What men they were, and what a Providence ordered their coming together! Cassius M. Clay, the orator; John G. Fee, the zealot; John A. R. Rogers, the scholar and saint! Full mightily they wrought, and if you would see their monument, go to Berea and look about you.

It was of the souls of such men and out of the iron of such experiences that Berea College was fashioned; but in that day its concern was chiefly for the colored people ground down under the heavy heel of slavery. It had not yet found its distinctive mission. For that you need one other picture.

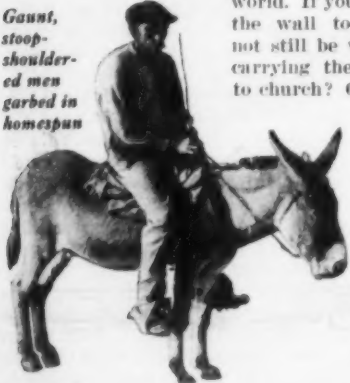
It was in 1884. A young college professor, William Goodell Frost, the youngest man ever appointed on the faculty of Oberlin College, and the most popular, was making a walking trip through the mountains of West Virginia and Kentucky. He was young and successful; he had made the study of Greek—think of it, *Greek*—the most popular course in Oberlin; there was nothing he could not hope for in the way of university advancement, but that trip changed the current of his life. It did more than that, so much more that it ought some day to be recorded with the other great voyages of discovery which have opened up uncharted continents and brought to light forgotten peoples. For it uncovered the lost tribes of America: three million pure-blooded Americans who, since the days when their ancestors first lost themselves in the mountains, had been as completely covered and forgotten as though the earth had opened to swallow them.

Three million people and lost! It sounds incredible, but you have only to look at the map to see exactly how it happened. Draw a line from Cincinnati to Birmingham and another line to Atlanta. Between the lines lie the "mountainous back yards of nine States," as Frost calls them, a great hilly expanse without a single navigable stream or an inch of coast line, without even a railroad through its greater part. Years ago, when the narrow coast line became too restricted for the more venturesome or the less fortunate English colonists, migration set in westward, following the channels of the river streams, which led deeper and deeper into the hills. Some of the more hardy emigrants pushed clear across the mountains into the fertile Blue Grass country beyond. But some dropped down beside the valleys of the little streams. There they built their cabins with "first a layer of logs, then a layer of fresh air, then another layer of logs," raised their children and their "craps," fashioned their rude wagons and their rougher clothes—a self-sufficient, independent folk cut off by their mountains from the whole great world outside.

Civilization Starved to Death

AS GENERATIONS passed and population increased, the square log cabins were pushed higher and higher onto the mountain sides, farms became smaller and poorer, money scarcer, education vanished entirely, and the grandsons of men, some of whom had brought Greek and Latin books with them from England, grew up to make their X. It was no weakness in the blood that led them to slip backward. Imagine a wall built around Connecticut in Colonial times, cutting its people off—no railroads, no telegraphs, no newspapers, no commerce—from all contact with the outside world. If you were to look over the wall to-day would they not still be wearing wigs and carrying their long flintlocks to church? Outside the mountains railway trains whizzed by, telegraph lines linked cities and States together, machinery was invented to take industry out of the home into the factory, baby

Gaunt, stoop-shouldered men garbed in homespun



carriages and barber shops, toothbrushes and telephones, all added their contribution to the progress of civilization; and the mountaineers behind their wooded barriers knew nothing of it.

You will find them to-day just as Frost found them, only you must go a little farther into the mountains—quite a good deal farther if you start at Berea, for the influence of the college is registered for at least a hundred miles. Here is the log cabin which Joe built when he married Sarah years ago. He was



They built their cabins with "first a layer of logs, then a layer of fresh air, then another layer of logs"

eighteen and she sixteen. The rude bed was built then into one corner, and no other bed has been added, although thirteen children have come into the household; nor has the cabin grown any larger. In summer its doors stand wide open to let chickens and razorback hogs run in and out at will. In the wide fireplace, which fills the cabin with smoke when the wind is wrong, Sarah has prepared the corn pone and sow-belly three times every day. The little field which Joe has cultivated on the mountain side is so steep that had he once stumbled

it seems that nothing could have saved him from falling off his farm into his neighbor's field below, and so stony that the potatoes must be cut thin and put into the ground edgewise. Joe is his own blacksmith, carriage and harness maker; his own butcher, baker, and candlestick maker, and, occasionally, his own barber. He has never handled more than \$50 currency in any one year. His clothes and the clothes of all the rest of the household are fashioned of homespun woven on the hand loom which Sarah inherited from her mother.

Their Songs and Speech Are Elizabethan

IN SUCH a home the oldest boys have grown to the premature manhood of the mountains; in another year or two they will marry, erect their square log huts a little farther up on one or another of the near-by mountains, and prepare to reenact Joe's life in all its sordid detail.

Joe speaks a language different from the talk of the world outside. He says "postis" as the plural of "post," and so very likely did Queen Elizabeth. He says "I reckon" where a Northerner says "I guess," and his is the lesser barbarism of the two. He begins to salute you with "Good evening" immediately after twelve o'clock noon; for to him, as to the writer of Genesis, the evening and the morning are the living day. The more you note his quaint forms of speech the more you are impressed that most of them are good old English. You can find many of them in Shakespeare. His speech looks very barbarous in print, but it really is less so than it seems. Mountain slang, what there is of it, is two or three centuries old.

He sings a different music at night when he lifts the old homemade banjo from its peg behind the door. It is a weird, five-note chanting melody, plaintive but curiously fascinating. Perhaps it may claim to be the only truly American music that we have.

for it grew up native to the mountains and has been handed down from father to son since the days before the Revolution.

His songs are sad. They are either old English ballads of the tragic type, such as "Lord Lovell" and "Barbara Allen," or they are mountain adaptations of more recent but still venerable song. It cannot be said they have undergone no change; but one may hear in the mountains songs whose heroes were lords and whose heroines were ladies, and can find the originals of these same songs in Percy's "Reliques."

The mountaineer is not extraordinarily musical. He has no such native gift as the negro, and has no more in common than you or I, but he has musical taste. Joe knows some old-time songs and a few more recent; and Sarah can sing "Barbara Allen" and the "Brown Girl," both of which Anne Hathaway probably sang to Shakespeare.

For social life Joe and Sarah have the occasional "baptizins," wedding or funeral, the "house raisins" and "hog killings." Schooling he had for three terms in the rude log schoolhouse down in the valley; his sons received as much, and but for Berea, which will one day send a graduate into that section, his grandchildren might have no better. He could trace his ancestry, did he but know it, straight back to the first colonists who came from England, and because his family has never married outside the mountains, there is no drop of blood in his veins that is not pure American. He is hospitable to a fault, kindly in his dealings with his family and his friends, and a deacon in the Hard-shell Baptist Church, as his father was before him.

The Thirst for "Larnin"

IT WAS to be the prophet of Joe and his kind—3,000,000 of them, lost in the mountains—that Frost left the professorship at Oberlin with all that was promised in the way of academic success, to take hold of the struggling college, Berea. He looks like a prophet: one imagines that Isaiah must have formed one of the rings near the heart of his family tree. Frost's cheeks have grown more hollow in the twenty-one years that he has served the mountains. His shoulders have stooped a little, as the shoulders of the mountaineer stoop after many years of setting the hand to the plow. His has been no soft enlistment. For twenty-one years he has made his expeditions into the North to explain that the men of the mountains are not all feudists and moonshiners, but pure-blooded sons of first settlers, and to plead for funds to do his tremendous task. And back from the North he has come to explain to towns like Cutshin and Helffursartin that there really is a world beyond the Gap. He has built his school from 300 students to 1,000; he has sent back into the mountains 15,000 boys and girls to be missionaries of a new progress. He has grown lean and gaunt in the work, but never weary. When he talks to you about the mountain people his eye gleams, and the arm with which he drives his facts at you trembles inside its homespun covering.

He calls Berea a "brevet" college, a "kind of social settlement, Cooper Institute and extension bureau of civilization," by which he means that, instead of coming into the mountains with a lot of ready-made ideas, it has simply adapted itself to conditions as it found them. From distances greater than 100 miles stu-

dents have walked to Berea in order that all their slender earnings might be spent for actual instruction and none squandered on the railroads. Many of those who have come out of the deeper portions of the mountains see their first railway train in Berea. They come with a thirst for "larnin" that has been pent up 100 years. The difficulty Frost encounters is not to keep them to their classes, but to convince them that they must allot some time each day to recreation and diversion.

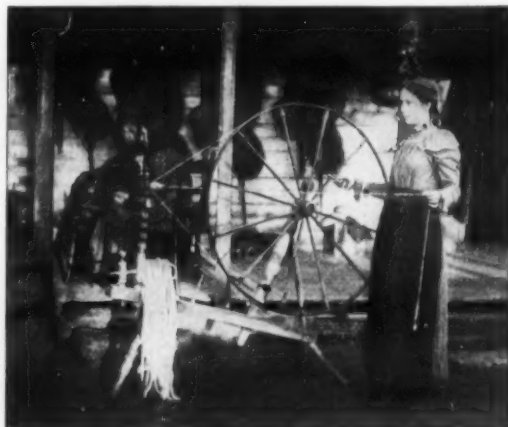
More than 1,000 of them will register on the first day of the autumn term, some coming by train, some on horseback

or by foot; and in the winter several hundred more will come down for the three months' term. They will be different, self-conscious, uncontent; they will gaze open-mouthed at the steam engine and try to blow out the electric lights. But wait until next June: see them march then to the commencement exercises, erect, confident, modern to the finger tips. There is no greater miracle in American education than this, the bridging of a century's deficit in a single year. In one swift twelve months they make the dizzy leap out of the eighteenth century into the twentieth. To their everlasting credit and to Berea's it can be said that they make it without losing their heads.

Twenty-one years Frost has gathered them in and taught them—what?

Agriculture, for one thing. (Civilization cannot ride very fast into the mountains (Concluded on page 22))

He has grown lean and gaunt in the work, but never weary



His clothes and the clothes of all the rest of the household are fashioned of homespun

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

IT IS now settled that the tariff bill will pass; the next vital question at Washington is whether Congress will pass the banking and currency measure also. President Wilson is determined it ought to be done; quite a large proportion of Congress, including some powerful Democratic Senators, are opposed to it. They don't give any very tangible reasons except that Congress has spent a hot summer in Washington, the fifth summer in succession (a very unusual record, by the way), and that everybody is feeling tired and irritable. President Wilson believes that the banking measure is a necessary supplement to the tariff legislation, that both belong together, and should be passed as near simultaneously as possible.

Hurry or Delay?

THE two Senators from Massachusetts ought to get together. Senator Weeks, in the course of his speech, introduced, with approval, a letter from a man whom he described as "an old and well-known manufacturer of Massachusetts," Mr. Arthur Lyman, who said:

Business is already held up in anticipation of lower rates, and delay in passing the bill will simply aggravate this situation.

But a few days later Senator Lodge spoke in a mood of resistance:

My own view is that if we are given to understand, as we now are, that we are to remain in session indefinitely, in order to dispose of a banking and currency bill as soon as the tariff bill is out of the way, I think it will inevitably delay the consideration of the tariff bill, for the simple reason that then there will be no particular object in hurrying.

Now that it is certain the tariff bill will pass, the wish is practically universal that it be passed promptly. That wish ought to constitute enough of an object for any Senator to hurry. Senator Lodge, of course, was trying to defeat consideration of the banking and currency bill at the present session.

Tariff Reduction and Prices

DOES tariff reduction result in lower prices? Vehement affirmation and equally vehement denial have filled the Congressional Record for many weeks. This clipping from the "Wall Street Journal" is more pointed:

AMERICAN WOOLEN'S LOWER PRICES
QUOTATIONS ON A FREE-TRADE BASIS—REDUCTIONS FROM 10 TO 12 PER CENT FROM A YEAR AGO

BOSTON—The opening prices which the American Woolen Company announced for its 1914 spring season are so much lower than expected that it is apparent the company is, for the first time in its history, going after all the business in sight. No quarter is to be given either the domestic or foreign competitor. It is against foreign competition that the low prices are aimed, inasmuch as practically all big selling staple lines are quoted on what amounts to a free-trade basis. Considering the added burdens in buying abroad of short credit and fewer styles, some of the prices named are below the importing point. Broadly speaking, the reductions in prices made by the American Woolen Company are from 10 per cent to 12½ per cent, compared with a year ago. Fulton serge, No. 3192, usually considered an index to goods prices, is marked down 17½ cents to \$1.12½, the lowest at which it has ever sold.

By MARK SULLIVAN

Part of this statement seems to indicate belief that under a reduced tariff the American Woolen Company will drive small competitors out, will absorb more of the business, and will tend to become more of a trust or monopoly. Maybe so. If it turns out that way, not only as respects the woolen industry, but others also, the Democratic Administration must face it. With the present special session Mr. Wilson will get the tariff and the currency out of the way. With the beginning of the regular session in December he must take up the question which was the real issue between him and the Progressives—the disruption, or the regulation, of big units of industry, often loosely called monopolies or trusts.

A Tariff Commission

THIS letter is a type of comment very frequently seen:

NEW ALBANY, IND.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

In your article of last week, entitled "Williams on Smoot," you quote the powerful Senator Williams as saying: "I will frankly confess that after a study of this question the more we study it the greater our consciousness of our ignorance grows."

Is not that an argument in favor of a tariff commission of experts, as suggested in the Progressive platform?

DR. A. C. HAUSS, JR.

There are few facts more obvious than that we must have a tariff commission of experts. But it has been made clear by the Mulhall revelations that the Republican movement for a tariff commission a few years ago was not intended in good faith, but was designed to postpone tariff revision downward. Even if the movement had been in good faith, if the tariff commission idea had been adopted, the reductions which are now being made by the Democrats in a single session would have extended over a period of several years. It makes a good deal of difference whether the commission of experts starts in from a high basis or a low basis. But the present tariff debate has brought out inconsistencies which will work injustice, and it is very clear that there must be some body of experts to go promptly at the work of smoothing out rough edges.

Refreshing

THIS letter from George Haven Putnam to Chairman Underwood was meant primarily as a very spirited and proper protest against the proposed customs duties upon works of art less than fifty years old and upon books in foreign languages. Mr. Putnam wrote on behalf of the American Publishers' Copyright League to make it clear

that the publishers and the book trade generally consider such a tax unnecessary, undesirable, and inexpedient, even on the basis of a protectionist policy, while its enactment would constitute a material inconsistency in the policy announced by the present Congressional majority.

But the latter part of this manly letter is even more worthy of attention:

I am myself a printer and a book manufacturer as well as a publisher, and I am express-

ing not only my individual judgment and that of my firm but that of the American publishers generally in the statement that we have no need of any special assistance from the United States Government to maintain the foundations of our business.

Such letters as this are a refreshing variation from the calamity chorus. One wishes that the New England textile manufacturers were capable of seeing their situation as this maker of books sees his. Another letter of the same kind was originally printed in the "News" of Dallas, Tex.:

FORT WORTH, TEX.

I want publicly to express my appreciation of the courageous and patriotic Administration of President Wilson. If those of us who approve and appreciate the great fight that he is now waging in the interest of the people should so express ourselves, it would create and reinforce a sentiment that would make the victory easier of attainment. I am a producer of beef, wool, and cotton, and a manufacturer of iron and steel, and therefore adversely affected by the tariff.

GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

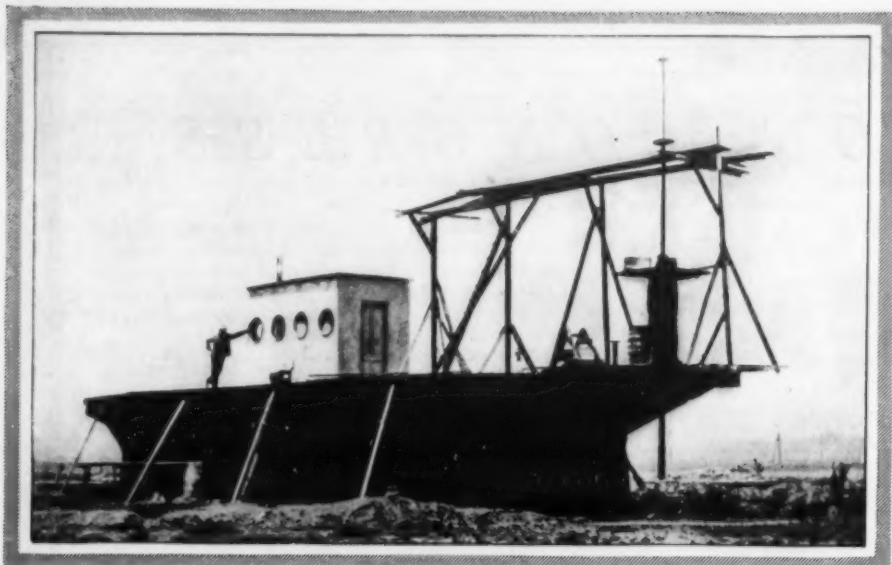
The Tax on Knowledge

THE proposal of certain Senators that ideas imported from abroad be taxed, to the embarrassment of students and teachers, and the parallel suggestion that foreign pictures and statues be taxed out of consideration for American artists, are as stupid as they are insulting.

History

THERE is an odd analogy between President Cleveland's last Administration, twenty years ago, and President Wilson's. Each had a tariff question. Each had to deal with treason on the part of some Democratic Senators. Cleveland had three traitors—Gorman of Maryland, Bryce of Ohio, and Smith of New Jersey. Wilson has only two, the two from Louisiana. That difference of one in the quantity of unfaithful Senators has made the difference between what Cleveland described as "party perfidy and dishonor" and an honest and satisfactory tariff revision. Cleveland had a banking and currency problem just as Wilson has. Cleveland had a difficult foreign question, the trouble with Great Britain over Venezuela, just as Wilson has the difficulty with Mexico. Wilson may well hope that his foreign question will end as happily as Cleveland's. "Twenty Years of The Republic" thus describes the reading of President Cleveland's message to Congress on the Venezuela question:

The reading of this message was received in each of the two houses with a tumult of wild applause from Republicans and Democrats alike. The former, if anything, were the more enthusiastic. . . . At once Mr. Hitt of Illinois, the Republican leader of the House, introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the expense of such a commission as the President had suggested. . . . It became a law within three days. Not a single vote in either house was cast against it. Republicans vied with Democrats in praising the boldness and patriotism of the President. From all over the country came messages of congratulation and approval. The most partisan of Republican newspapers . . . eulogized the President's action.



The Hydromatic Is a Twentieth-Century Ark

HOW the world has moved on since Noah's day is made evident by even a frankly untechnical comparison of the ark with Alphonse Trinqual's new *Hydromatic*. Trinqual's twentieth-century model, at which he has been working at intervals for nearly ten years, and which is now not too rapidly nearing completion in a slough near Mayfield, Cal., is, as the name indicates, a scientific water cure. The builder predicts that when another great inundation comes a lot of scoffers will be in a rush to take

his cure. Trinqual is a vegetarian, and has made no preparations to take care of the Pacific Coast's fauna. In consequence he has found it unnecessary to build so large a boat as Noah's. The *Hydromatic* is 80 feet long, of heavy pine and redwood and sheathed with steel. The hold is cut up into a series of living rooms and food depots. Trinqual, an expert builder and mechanic, is doing all the work himself. He says he has plenty of time before the flood comes. "Noah," he remarks, "waited 600 years."



Commuting by Air Line

AMERICA'S first aerocommuter has achieved such success this month with his new suburban service that Chicago soon may be able to count half a dozen other air lines of similar equipment. Harold F. McCormick, a pioneer of three weeks' experience in this new department of transportation, established his schedule on the first day. Like many another time table, it is subject to change without notice. Officially, it is:

GOING	
Leave Lake Forest.....	9.50 a. m.
Arrive Grant Park.....	10.18 a. m.
RETURNING	
Leave Grant Park.....	4.08 p. m.
Arrive Lake Forest.....	4.42 p. m.

The distance between McCormick's Lake Forest estate and Grant Park, Chicago, is 30 miles; and the 95-horsepower hydroaeroplane express often makes it at a speed of more than a mile a minute. For the greater part of the trip the craft is kept at an average height of 60 feet above the water. Our photograph shows the commuter getting into his coat to leave for the city. The craft is named the *Edith*, in honor of Mrs. McCormick, a daughter of John D. Rockefeller.

The enthusiastic commuter claims many advantages for his system, among the most important of which is freedom from interference from crossing patrolmen. Also, he is never troubled with cinders. Nor does he ever have to wait until bridges are opened.



Weston Adds 1,546 to His Mileage

JUST before he reached St. Paul and Minneapolis and ended on August 2 his walk of 1,546 miles from New York to the Twin Cities, Edward Payson Weston posed for this portrait in his road costume. Soon afterward the quiet of this country scene was changed for a welcome of whistles and bells, and the applause of two crowds as large as might greet a President. He left New York, June 2, and walking on schedule kept an engagement to lay the cornerstone of the building of the Minneapolis Athletic Club. Our insert is from a photograph of the veteran walker as he appeared nearly fifty years ago on a walking tour in New England.



A French Mary Walker

FRANCE makes the privilege of wearing men's trousers (is "privilege" the word?) an even more precious distinction than that which Dr. Mary Walker has enjoyed for so many years in America. Madame Dieulafoy, whose portrait in full regalia appears above, is the only woman in France who has the "right" to wear male attire. She won it by her work as an explorer in Asia and as a mountain climber in the Himalayas.

A Motor Cycle that Rescues and Resuscitates

REDONDO BEACH, one of Los Angeles's seaside resorts, claims to have the only life-saving motor cycle in the world. The machine will make 70 miles an hour, and, in cases of emergency, will carry four persons. On long stretches of beach it is difficult for life-savers to reach drowning persons in the old way. This machine was invented for the purpose of eliminating most of the danger to bathers in deep water.

It was contrived by B. A. Minor, superintendent of the beach, and George Freeth, chief guard. It is so arranged that a stretcher and a life-saving device, consisting of a reel, a buoy, and 1,500 feet of steel wire, together with a pulmotor for resuscitation purposes, are carried. It is equipped with a 7 horsepower gasoline engine and is only a little heavier than the average-sized motor cycle.

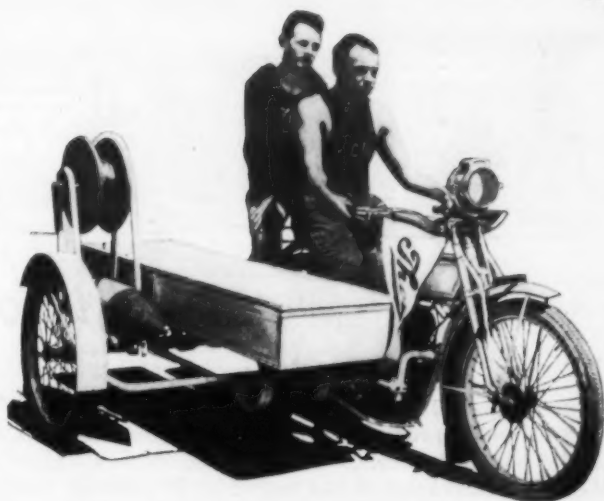
The entire outfit was purchased for \$450, the proceeds of entertainments given by local talent.

The machine has been a success in a number of tests. On occasion it has been made to serve as a swift, three-wheeled ambulance.

Bathing in Swarms

A CAREFUL count of the number of bathers drowned in July and the first two weeks of August in the waters about New York City shows an average of six a week. Nearly all of these fatalities were on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, when the crowds were large.

The photograph below, showing a Sunday throng of bathers on the beach at Coney Island beside the new municipal bathhouse, is visual evidence that the percentage of fatalities is not, after all, extremely high. This, though the most crowded beach, is only one of twenty from which the figures on drowning are reported.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE,
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

A Motor Car with a Sail



AN idea that Western Kansas prairies knew forty years ago as the "sail wagon" has appeared again this summer in France, but sporting enough modern attachments to claim a welcome as "the latest type of speed craft." The early-day catboat cart was not a remarkable success, but the "aeroplage," with its ball-bearing axles and pneumatic tires and a small automobile engine to increase the speed developed by the sail, devours distance like a monoplane. Our photograph shows one of the new models—the winner of a race of aeroplage craft, held at Hardelet, north of France—making a sharp turn on the beach and splashing through a small wave as part of the fun. The speed of the turn is causing the left rear wheel to cut the water so fast that it is almost possible to see the sand beneath the tire. The aeroplage is not, as this snapshot might seem to indicate, a craft in which to go to sea.





Editorial Comment

"Governor Cannon" of Massachusetts

THE BADLY DEMORALIZED Republicans of Massachusetts are in process of drafting ex-Congressman McCALL as a White Hope to run against the Progressive, CHARLES SUMNER BIRD. With full knowledge of the dearth of Republican leaders in the Bay State, we are still free to say we know of no likely candidate so easy for Mr. BIRD to campaign against successfully. The field of argument would be small and sharply defined. The people of Massachusetts would never select Uncle JOE CANNON of Danville, Ill., as Governor. But it would take a subtle dialectician to make any clear distinction between the public records of Uncle JOE and Mr. McCALL. Offhand we can recall only one important vote on which they differed. Uncle JOE finally did see the handwriting and voted for the direct election of Senators; Mr. McCALL never did; he continued to oppose it when there were only sixteen other Standpatters in Congress so completely standpat as to stay with him. McCALL was CANNON's friend and aide. CANNON put him on the Ways and Means Committee; McCALL, with eight other Standpatters, including men like FORDNEY of Michigan, PAYNE of New York, and WATSON of Indiana, made the Payne-Aldrich tariff, voted for every schedule of it, and advocated it in Congress and out. During the successful Insurgent uprising, which finally defeated CANNON and his system, Mr. McCALL was the Speaker's most conspicuous and efficient public defender.

Changes

TAMMANY has lasted a hundred years, yet possibly even it may go down in the present era of political regeneration. The best hope against it that we have seen lies in a quiet movement within the Democratic party led by ex-Congressman STEVEN B. AYRES. He has set up his citadel in the Bronx, which is an outlying residence district of New York City. Here an anti-Murphy Progressive Democratic organization is being perfected. The Bronx is a place of homes and stability, and therefore a likelier breeding ground for opposition to MURPHY than the heart of New York City, where the more or less drifting, unstable quality of the population gives Tammany its strong hold. Not only is Tammany menaced by the spirit of political regeneration, which is in the air everywhere; vital changes are taking place in the nature of New York's population. Manhattan Island is becoming more a place of factories and offices, and less a place of residence for the sort of fungus population which has always made up the bulk of Tammany's strength. Moreover, fewer immigrants are coming to New York and still fewer are staying in New York. The public schools and a multitude of social agencies are working to give intelligence and consciousness and conscience to those submerged peoples who have supplied Tammany with both its floaters and its regulars.

The New Politics

"CONSTRUCTIVE STATESMANSHIP" is a phrase that anybody, from a Presidential candidate to a ward politician, may misuse as much as he likes without any penalty—because virtually nobody knows exactly what it means. No esoteric initiation could be more mysterious than those two words, yet they mean, we believe, merely the reverse of "muddle" in government—plus a little of the larger vision. Mr. R. M. McCLINTOCK, whose series of articles on the "New Politics" is concluded in this issue, makes a plea for some of those ideas, thin as gossamer, perhaps, but undeniably in the air, that may be grouped under the name of "constructive statesmanship." The truth is, there was never a time when those ideas were not in the air. The centuries ferried their cradles as they did that of WALT WHITMAN. But they are growing daily more substantial. The tariff is (we hope) not a perennial topic, nor currency. These two should be out of the way, for a time, with the end of the present Congress. With the beginning of the next Congress, President WILSON must face the problems Mr. McCLINTOCK writes about: cooperation, the elimination of waste, constructive statesmanship—in short, these always are and always should be with us, for their possibilities are endless. If we have demanded competition, it is because we were and are aghast at the manner and rapidity with which the trusts have suddenly locked in the American nation like another SAMSON in prison, and made it grind and grind. But in the husk of competition is already forming the future—a future of regulation, coordination, cooperation. It needs no

Socialist to tell us that waste is responsible for much of the poverty of the poor, for much dull and futile labor, for endless and stupid duplication. Planless and formless the cities stretch and expand; distribution continues unorganized, spasmodic, unscientific; equipment multiplies needlessly—the mind reels at the monstrous disorder of it all. That is what Mr. McCLINTOCK deplores in his articles, and therein he has our entire sympathy. "Shall we not," he asks, and we ask with him, shall we not "then turn our attention immediately to the work at hand, that of so regulating all business that there shall be in it least waste, least injustice, the greatest possible service to the public need?"

The Same Old Issue

LINDSEY baiting in Denver continues. This time it is an organization called the Woman's Protective League which is planting the banderillas. The specific charge is that despoilers of children have got off too lightly in LINDSEY's Juvenile Court. Agitation is on for a recall campaign against him. Pending a careful analysis of the evidence, people at a distance will fall back upon a well-founded faith in the personal integrity of Judge BEN B. LINDSEY. They will bear in mind that for a decade he has stood with a protecting arm about the child who comes in conflict with the law; and in view of the wisdom, sympathy, and courage which he has manifested will find it difficult to believe that he is justly chargeable with too great leniency toward monsters who debauch little children. It will be much easier to conclude that this is only one more plot of the selfish interests which have fought LINDSEY savagely and vindictively for years, holding of small account the protector of the morals and happiness of children, when he stood between a reckless political machine and its designs.

Mr. Bryan

NO CRITICISM of Mr. BRYAN for his activity as a professional lecturer while in the service of his country rankles so deeply, we suspect, as the project of the Texas Democrats who are raising a fund by popular subscription to eke out the Commoner's salary and private income. Men thrive on the blows their foes deliver, but one's friends—how their loving-kindness can cut!

Futility

JULES VERNE'S PHINEAS FOGG took eighty days to put a girdle round the earth. JOHN HENRY MEARS, representing a New York newspaper, has turned the trick in something under thirty-six days. Thus does fact better fiction. America now holds the championship in fast travel, formerly the property of M. ANDRÉ JAGER-SCHMIDT of Paris—a newspaper man. It is demonstrated that a man may rush round the world—more precisely, round the North Pole—at an average rate, by land and sea, exceeding twenty-seven miles an hour. But it is a futile experiment. There is little to be learned from it, least of all by the traveler himself. Speed is the last desiderium in travel for pleasure, whatever may be said for the exhilaration of aeroplaning and joy riding. KIPLING invented a character who raced against time in a hammock. At this hot season, it seems to us that his device was a great deal more reasonable than JOHN HENRY MEARS'S.

Impudence

IMMUNITY BREEDS RASHNESS. So long have the patent medicine makers purchased with their advertising funds exemption from newspaper criticism that they have come to regard themselves as highly privileged characters. On no other theory can there be explanation of the libel suit brought by one C. A. BARNES against the Detroit "Saturday Night," because that spirited weekly, in the course of its campaign against quackery, fell foul of the consumption "cure," Nature's Creation, of which he is the Detroit agent. BARNES professes to consider himself damaged \$25,000 worth by the action of Editor NIMMO in calling upon the Federal Government to issue a fraud order against him. But this is only a small part of what Mr. NIMMO did to Nature's Creation. He showed it to be a worthless and potentially very dangerous form of quackery supported by testimonials from grateful patients who had inconsiderately died of the very disease of which the nostrum had "cured" them. He proved that their claims were false, their medicine a cheap mixture of iodide

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of potassium, and their whole system a typical bit of quackery. So impressed was the Detroit "News" with the expose that it notified BARNES to get out of its columns with his advertising and stay out. Whereupon BARNES rushed into court, complaining that he had been maltreated "as an individual and private citizen, and as the agent for the sale of said medicine," and declaring his unalterable conviction that the demand for a fraud order against his activities was tantamount to a charge that he was using the mails to defraud. Singular perspicacity on the part of Mr. BARNES! We violate no confidence of Editor NIMMO's in stating that the dark suspicion regarding the editorial meaning and intent was well founded. In our own incursions into the battle field of patent medicines we have encountered some notable instances of the impudence of quackery, but none more astounding than that the vender of 24 cents' worth of a common drug, sold at \$5 as a sure cure for tuberculosis, should submit his case to the findings of an American jury. Mr. NIMMO has little to fear. So much can hardly be said for his opponent. The searching publicity of a legal inquiry is the last thing that he or his nostrum can afford; and it is in reality they that will be on trial. Meantime the "Saturday Night" continues unperturbed lustily to flutter the vulture roosts of the other fake nostrums and to make life a constant irritation to the local papers which support and foster their trade in human life.

A Challenge to Alabama

THE PRESIDENT of the Mobile (Ala.) Cotton Mills, Mr. MURRAY W. DUNLAP, has no use for newspaper men who ask pointed questions about child labor. They annoy him, and he does not propose to encourage them in seeking interviews. JOHN C. O'CONNELL, editor of the Mobile "Item," read our recent allusion to an advertisement of the Mobile Cotton Mills for "families with children, mostly twelve years of age and up," and sent a reporter to Mr. DUNLAP to ask him if he cared to make a reply. Mr. DUNLAP is quoted as saying: "That's our business; I don't think it concerns you in the least." Mr. O'CONNELL regards Mr. DUNLAP's rather contemptuous answer as a challenge to the State of Alabama, and we think he is right. We are sure a large majority of the people are opposed to the employment of children in factories. The trouble there, as in Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina, is that public sentiment in such matters is too passive. In order to stop the sacrifice of the children of the poor for dividends, the people have got to make themselves felt in their Legislature. Some Alabamans resent outside criticism, saying the whole State should not be blamed for the wrongs committed by industrial employers. It is quite natural that they should find it unpleasant to have criticism directed at them, but they should not overlook the fact that the people are collectively responsible for the laws in their statute books. COLLIER's, for one, is confident that, thanks to the courageous fight that is being made by the Mobile "Item" and the other progressive newspapers of Alabama, it will not be long before public sentiment will be strong enough to compel the Legislature to enact the right kind of a child-labor law and thereby wipe out the State's disgrace.

What Is Worth Reading

AT A RECENT GATHERING of publishers and editors a speaker waxed merry over the high ethical lessons likely to be imparted by the prize stories selected for COLLIER's by such judges as IDA M. TARBELL, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and MARK SULLIVAN. That was good matter for jest, but no contestant need take the joke to heart, for COLLIER's is not out for tracts, and is not in the least

afraid that this trio has any alarming bias for tracts. Since they are all warmly human human-beings, clean of self-righteousness or any pestilential devotion to the respectable, all marked by a fixed preference for the publican over the Pharisee, you may be sure that on the firing line, where they all stand, they get their fill of moral ammunition. With people of less weight and culture the danger might be an undue hunger for levity. An undue hunger for levity is just now a degrading influence on our stage and in our publications, particularly as managers and publishers exaggerate the hunger and overestimate the proportion of people who feel it; but there is small danger of this one-sidedness in our judges. They are all people who have kept, who carefully conserve, the power to really

read. And they are all people who read literature, meaning distinctly books that have been in the world long enough for their calling and election, to be sure. Does some devotee of the up to date start in distrust at that? Well, that kind of a devotee of the up to date is not likely to write a good story; the most successful producers of the up to date, from GEORGE ADE and O. HENRY to MARK TWAIN, have been devoted to real literature. That is the devotion that frees writers and critics from any cramping prejudice for the last fashion, or for one particular recipe, or for the methods of the latest winner, or for the teaching of a third-rate professor. God gives His gifts in continually new form, and the hard row of genius comes because the mediocre are always looking for something just like something else. We have pretended here to be touching upon the qualifications of the judges in the COLLIER Prize Contest, but what we are interested in really is getting in on the slant a plea for reading, a plea for books—old books whose goodness is much surer than your taste or ours—a plea for a little of the leisurely culture that leads to ripeness; and "ripeness is all," as somebody in Shakespeare says. Finally, as an evidence of good faith in catholicity, let it be admitted that sometimes even tracts are also great stories (though examples later than "Pilgrim's Progress" are a little hard to recall), and we have hopes we would not miss even such a one if it came along.

Reality

IN THE WORLD'S RESPLENDENT ONES, they who have cherished their success and career, there is a touch of selfishness. They are self-sufficient. They carefully avoid rendering help that would hinder their own speed. They seem not wholly large. At least they seem smaller than the patient obscure, who give half their scant vitality to furthering burdened neighbors and bringing a better day. We know a letter carrier. When we range around for one whose life satisfies, our thought comes back and finds its resting place with him. He gives more than other men whose leisure is ampler. What he thinks about life seems soundly based. It is woven out of poverty and struggle. He has seen the game. He knows what conditions are set for the lowly. He knows the hours that make up the day, and how for the humble there is no series of easy advancements from strength to strength, dealt out by the inner circle of pleasant folk at ease in the seats of power. He knows that there will be no sudden luck that will lift them high out of distress. If you are one of the humble, when your loved one is ill, you cannot command the undivided attention and skill of a trusted physician. When you lose a job you are not sheltered by a bank surplus while you search for new work. There is no breakwater between you and the wash of anguish and annoyance. You are out where the seas run high.



The Movies in Hades. No. 4

An Alaskan Volcano in Eruption



Copyright 1913 by M. Horner

MOUNT KATMAI, in the Aleutian Range on the mainland of Alaska, is again in violent eruption. The accompanying snapshots are the first near views of the peak and the crater to be taken since the sudden explosions in June that hurled boulders 30 to 40 feet in diameter distances of more than a mile.

Some of the other volcanoes of the Alaska peninsula and its adjacent islands are becoming more active. Mount Shishaldin and Mount Pavlof, though believed by geologists to be in a different volcanic zone than Mount Katmai, are also in eruption.

Mount Katmai's eruption in 1912 turned day into darkness in its vicinity for forty-eight hours and covered Kodiak Island and some of its neighbors with a layer of ashes that varied in thickness from a few inches to four feet. The narrow escape of the islanders last year taught them to keep well out of the danger zone this season during Katmai's periods of violence. The present eruption does not threaten to do much damage. It is more spectacular than menacing.

Exploring the Frigid Upper Air



AT a height of 15 miles above Catalina Island, California, a meteorograph, which two balloons bore aloft in a small wicker basket a few weeks ago, recorded a temperature of 85 degrees below zero. The photograph at the right shows the basket beginning its ascension. One of the balloons burst at last, and the other and the meteorograph dropped into the sea 3 miles offshore. The Government Weather Bureau is making a series of such explorations of the upper air to discover new facts about the great areas of high and low pressure that produce storms and fair weather. The scientists are sounding the air layer's thickness and recording its humidity and temperatures.

A Shadow on the Silver Lining

THE picture at the left is a scene above the world, not taken from such a fearful altitude as the Catalina Island basket attained, yet from so high above the clouds that the balloon cast its shadow upon them. The photographer was riding approximately 7,000 feet above earth. The snapshot was made from the balloon *Kansas City II* when it was contesting for the honor of being named one of the three representatives of the United States in the international balloon races that are to be held in France next October.





A Sham Battle with Indians as a Dedication Ceremony

ORIGINAL photographs of the life of the early West are scarce. Frederic Remington's faithful sketches make this deficiency less serious, however; and as a supplement to Remington, snapshot cameras have been recording some recent attempts to reenact stirring episodes of the past. The photograph above is a characteristic of this latest series. It shows a picturesque part of the ceremonies with which Fort Rice, south of Mandan, N. Dak., was deeded to the State a few weeks ago as a public park. Two companies of militia represented the United States troops in reenacting the repulse of an attack of Sioux Indians upon a wagon train and upon the fort itself.

From this fort in July, 1864, General Sully's column moved west and fought the battle of Kildeer Mountains with the Sioux. Fort Rice was

the first post established in western North Dakota.

At the more conventional exercises of the dedication two Sioux leaders, Red Tomahawk and John Grass, were on the list of speakers of the day, with Governor L. B. Hanna and Judge A. A. Bruce of the State Supreme Court.

Piegan Indians as "Movie" Actors

A FEW conscientious attempts have been made by motion-picture men to describe the old-time life of the American Indian upon the films. The photograph at the right is enlarged from one of the most successful of these films. Piegan Indians were the actors and Glacier Park Reservation the stage. The film shows a number of old tribal customs and ceremonies.



Photograph by Kinemacolor Co.



A Pageant in Honor of Utah's Pioneers

SALT LAKE CITY'S 1913 celebration of the day of the arrival of Utah's pioneers was a pageant so ambitious that it was compared with the 1897 semicentennial. Our photograph shows the float which represented Brigham Young pointing out the chosen valley. In the background is a glimpse of some of the 3,000 children who marched with flags and sang national airs. Replicas of the wagons of the original ox train, and 143 men, 3 women, and 2 children costumed as the pioneers who first entered Emigration Cañon, constituted another division of the parade. W. C. A. Smoot, a pioneer, led the procession in a motor car.



"The Sinful Six"

By Ed Cahn

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS



"That's all right; yesh. I gave you twenty dollars; take it out of sat," quoth he who was all awash

NOT only has the waiter humor and a conscience tucked away beneath his dickey and Eton jacket, but as Mr. Cahn, who knows him intimately, shows us, he possesses a full share of the warm humanity and sympathy that save this little earth of ours from being a howling wilderness.

HHEY, bo! Get busy there! Maloney's giving a party to-night and you're invited."

"I ain't goin' to no party; I'm goin' to dust along to see Carson."

"Where does he tend bar?"

"Don'tcha know him? Why, he's the guy that gets canned out of every eats palace in town—lives up here in Cat Alley with his wife an' kid. Everything's on the bum with them. The missus is always sick an' Carson hasn't had a good job in a coon's age. He's such a punk waiter that he couldn't serve hay to a mule right. All the head waiters are onto him, an' he can't get a job nowhere; but he's a fine feller and I like him."

"That fool kid of his was chasin' a ball in the gutter an' got kicked by a truck horse, an' I s'pose has got to wink out 'cause there ain't a few bones in the box to fix him up right. You know how them doctors give all kinds of orders what to do fer a kid and don't never stop to ask have folks got the price. I wish I could do somethin', but—" Manners groaned and dully gathered up a handful of knives and forks and indifferently inspected the pile of dishes upon his tray before lifting it to his shoulder.

THAT'S why I'm telling you," said Gresh. "Put a better map on and rustle up a little coin. Maybe you'll have a run of luck and clean us all out."

"Cheese it! Luck an' me ain't on speakin' terms. Ever since I've been transferred from the main dinin' room downstairs to these private ones up here luck's been against me. I ain't made two bits this evenin'—the big drink or the bread line for me."

"That's right!" interrupted a third voice, gruffly. "Look at that there layout you got! Where's your

garnish? What do you mean by takin' a plank out without no trimmin's?"

"Don't call me; call the cook. I ain't doin' the broilin'," defended Manners, while Gresh, minus a few small items of service on his own tray, discreetly took himself away with all speed.

Several times, in the halls separating the private dining rooms, where they fed the hungry and quenched the thirst of the thirsty, the other waiters tried to lift the gloom that seemed to have claimed Manners for his own. Maloney was giving a party and they reminded him of the delights of a party at Maloney's, but all in vain; poor Manners had suffered one of the streaks of bad luck which periodically afflict all waiters, and his spirits were utterly crushed.

For days he had served none but "beer bunches," "tight wads" and "cheap skates," and the tips he had garnered were sinfully small, and it seemed that the more he tried to please the smaller they became.

One patron had even succeeded in getting away from him without settling the check, and Maxmum's Café had an ironclad rule to the effect that in such cases the waiter must settle the check himself.

Besides this, he had had the misfortune to drop a tray, ruining all the food thereon, and breaking two dollars' worth of crockery, all of which he must pay for; and, to cap the climax, his pockets had been deftly picked on his way to work that very afternoon. Manners thought that the world was a very dark, uninteresting, and, above all, unprofitable place, and remarks about the festivities shortly to be held at Maloney's only blackened his mood.

Of what account is an invitation to a poker party if one has not so much as a quarter to feed the kitty, to say nothing of taking a hand in the game, or providing his share of the supper, which invariably preceded these functions?—although this last did not present so many difficulties.

Manners was taking the long flight of stairs leading from the kitchen to the floor of the private dining rooms with as much dignity and leisure as a Congressman out for a stroll—instead of making them at the lively scamper of a waiter in his right mind—when the apoplectic face of the captain appeared at the top.

"Hey, man! What's eating you? Hurry up! That guy you're waiting on is fair ramping! He says he's grown a full beard since he ordered. Look sharp there and get it going now. A big bunch's just come in and everybody's busy as a cranberry merchant. I'm over a bar'l, and here you are giving points to a snail. Beat it!"

THUS admonished, Manners put on a little more speed, served his party, and took another order.

At the pantry Maloney whispered: "Party to-night. Supper first. Are you on?" But he dashed away before Manners could answer. Fitch, a few moments later, told him that four steaks would be needed and confided also that he was glad he himself was unlucky at love—for he was sure going to trim the whole crowd at the cards if there was a thing in the old saying.

"Bottle's behind the pipes next to room ten. Get busy!" blisled Gresh in his ear as he whizzed by with a trayful of glasses and a thickly swaddled something reposing in a bucket of ice.

Manners nodded, and after a wary look around stopped an instant, and carefully tipped a few drops of the whisky from each of the six glasses on his tray into a wide-mouthed vial which he produced from his pocket and then replaced. After which he ran a not scrupulously clean finger around the rim of each glass in order to dry it, then resumed his way. It happened that he had parties in two different rooms ordering whisky very frequently, and it was not long before his vial was full.

He then watched for an instant when the captain was not in sight; when he was sure that the head

waiter was got prowling around seeking whom he might devour for just such crimes; when no greedy moppper or omnibus boy was by to spy and later confiscate the cache, and, as he was an expert, when that instant came, it was but the work of another to draw forth the large flask behind the pipes, empty the vial, replace the flask, and make ready to repeat the process as soon as the vial was again full.

MALONEY, Fitch, Gresh, and Frawley were all doing the same as often as their patrons ordered whisky.

"Well anyway," thought Manners gloomily, "I'm providin' some of the nose paint at least."

"How are they coming, Man?" asked Gresh as he purposely contrived accidentally to seize the chicken ordered by another waiter and make off with it, thereby making extra quick time on his own order, a large tip certain, and forcing a double wait upon the other waiter, making his tip even more certainly small, if not causing it to vanish utterly.

Loud cries of rage filled the kitchen as the bereft waiter discovered his loss, but by that time Gresh had passed the eagle-eyed checker in company with Manners and was once more climbing the stairs.

The deafening clatter of dishes, silver, pots, pans, and kettles and the babel of the place drowned the most of Manners's profane reply to Gresh's: "How are they coming, old man?"

The comparative quiet of the upper halls, however, let him hear that in Manners's opinion he, Manners, would be permanently hoodooed until he got even with the man who had cheated him out of not only his hard-earned and perfectly legitimate tip, but the price of an elaborate and costly meal as well.

"Yeh! an' him that rich he's fairly poisonous! But that is the way all them predatory plutes gets theirs, Gresh; when they swipe it off widders an' orfuns it's bad enough, but when they get to takin' it away from waiters, the limit is sure reached."

"Aw cheer up! Maloney's giving a party! Forget it; everybody gets stung now and then," consoled Gresh.

"It ain't the ten bones I'm hollerin' about! It's because he's got me buffaloed. I ain't had no luck since! I'm gettin' so's I'm afraid to walk along the sidewalk for fear somebody'll push a brick over onto me."

THE plaint was cut short by Gresh's turning in at number fifteen and Manners into number seventeen. A few moments later they were lounging in the hall listening to Frawley's hurried report on the feast to come.

"Hully gee!" whispered that gentleman, using his side towel first to mop his perspiring brow and then to flick a few drops of soup from his boots. "It'll sure feel fine to have a good feed once more. Me'n Butterfield's got three steaks, fine big boys. The bottle is pretty near full too. You fellows rustle up a few artichokes, and we got to get a salad yet. Bring anything you can cabbage onto."

"No, 10—Fraw—ley!" called Ashton from the call board. Frawley scurried away to his customer; they saw him knock at the door, and it had hardly closed upon him when Gresh ejaculated: "Holy good pars-nips! What's that?" For from the room nearest the call board came sounds of violence.

"Hey, lads!" Ashton summoned them with a wave of one short arm, reached the noisy room in two bounds and a slide, wrenched open the door, and was in the thick of the mêlée by the time Gresh and Manners reached him.

The gentlemen who, until a moment ago, had been peacefully dining were now engaged in trying to chew each other's ears off.

Ashton separated them with difficulty, but with admirable dispatch, casting the smaller of the two into a far corner with such force that it knocked all desire for further fight out of him—together with his breath.

The other man, though, was consumed with a desire to annihilate the entire staff, and when he really got into action seemed to have turned himself into a human pinwheel, completely bounded by fists. Before they succeeded in getting him out of the room, across the entrance hall, down the marble-cake stairs, and kicked into the street, he had done considerable damage, but nothing serious or even disfiguring except that the nose of the hoodooed Manners, thanks to him, was flowing a rich crimson stream, that made it impossible for that unhappy toiler to answer the bells of his customers. The delay aroused the animosity of his impatient guests, now taken over by Gresh, and lost him the tips he had earned that evening—

all of which did not tend to cheer him to any noticeable degree.

At last the claret flow abated, Manners washed his face, smoothed his hair, and announced himself ready for the next blow from unkind fate.

"Aw, the watch's pretty near up," said Captain Ashton. "Ferget it. I hear Maloney's givin' a party, and you better go along with the rest of the boys."

"Yes," rumbled Butterfield, "you done enough to earn your bread to-day, kid, but I dunno about the cheese. Next watch's comin' on in a minute; give 'em a chance."

"Not on your crayon portrait! The next bell is fer me. I got to make eats money to-night."

"Get the eats at Maloney's."

"Tempt me not, base-born villain! No poker fer me. I'm goin' to take the next bell an' work overtime if Cap'n Brantner will stand for it."

Just then footsteps on the stairs warned Captain Ashton of the appearance of another guest, and he hastened away to play the host. When he returned he was grinning like an amiable shark.

"Manners, here's your friend that hung you up fer that dinner check back again! Loaded to the guards, too! Go see what he wants."

MANNERS sprang to his feet so suddenly that his chair skidded behind him and there was a metallic sound on the floor as the leg of the chair struck some object in its path and sent it spinning. Manners picked it up and laughed joyfully as he held it aloft. It was a silver dollar.

"Hurrah, boys! I'm goin' to get back my rabbit's foot!"

"Fine! But let the old souse wait for Brantner's boys, and come on with us," urged Butterfield.

"An' miss this chance! You go along an' I'll join you later maybe," cried Manners, leaving to reply to the bell of the newcomer.

"Hope he don't start any rough stuff," remarked Ashton.

"Leave it to Man! Here's Brantner an' the other watch. So long, cap," and Maloney's little clique led the rest of the waiters in the retreat. On the skill in making a getaway, of five of "The Sinful Six," as they were dubbed, depended the evening's entertainment and the continuation of their jobs if not their very liberty; but such considerations gave them very little anxiety, apparently, as they pulled on their overcoats and chaffed among themselves.

In the meantime Manners, grasping the silver dollar in his left hand like a talisman, assumed the professional attitude of polite indifference, knocked, and entered the presence of his prey. (Continued on page 31)

The Nothing Gift

—Tepee Neighbors

By Grace Coolidge

FOR the setting of these sketches imagine a low, straggling log ranch house set on the bank of a tearing mountain creek, in a broad valley gleaming under the Wyoming sun. In this house place an ordinary ranch family, whose members differ but in one particular from nearly all of the other one hundred thousand civilized inhabitants of Wyoming—their latchstring is always out to their tepee neighbors.

"YOU had better come down and see her," they said. "We think she wants to see you."

"Is she very sick?"

They looked at each other vaguely. "We do not know. She lies down all the time, and she can only whisper. But she says she is not sick—that is, not anywhere in particular."

"It is very strange."

"Yes," they said. "Will you come?"

So I got my pony and saddled him, and rode behind their big, lurching, slow-moving wagon to their cabin, where the sick old woman was.

She lay on her bed made on the ground at the right side of the cabin, the dingy quilts pulled neat and straight over her thin old body, hiding her hands, covering her, in fact, to the chin.

I FOLLOWED them to her bed, where she lay lean and old and waxen, her eyes closed with such a pitiful air of finality. They touched her gently on the shoulder, this because she was very deaf and it was hard to arouse her by speaking. She opened her eyes, strangely bright in her dim old face. Seeing me, she made a little inarticulate sound, and laboriously, from beneath the covers, brought forth one hand.

I took it in both of mine.

One of the young women standing at my side stepped closer to interpret. She stooped low above the bed.

"She has come to see you," she cried in the old woman's ear. "Tell her about your sickness."

The sick woman gazed at me, smiled with her bright, strange eyes, and thrust her hand a little farther into mine. The voice with which she answered was but a trembling, hoarse whisper.

"I have no pain," she said. "Only I am weak. I cannot get up. I cannot stand. My legs are no good." All the time her old eyes smiled at me. "But I try to eat. I do not stop trying." A little anxious furrow grew between her brows.

Sentence by sentence the voice of the young woman took up the old one's words and turned them for me into her halting English.

"That's right," I managed. "Ethatay?" (Good!)

The old woman sighed. "But I can hardly swallow," and she sighed again profoundly, suddenly overburdened with the weight of this, her last effort—the effort to sustain life.

"Why does she speak in that voice?" I asked. "Does her throat hurt?"

From across the room a woman spoke. "It is because she is tired," she said. As she answered she thrust her hands down at her sides, index fingers pointing downward, hands trailing a little behind the body. She was making the Indian sign which signifies weariness, exhaustion; portraying, as it is said to do, the drooping wings of a spent bird.

THE old head on the dingy pillow nodded assent.

Then a blessed definite idea came to me. "Perhaps she does not like her food. Perhaps she wants something else, something that I could bring her. Ask her, Clara." In my eagerness I quite glowed. Indifferently but politely the old woman heard my offer.

"She say maybe you right. We just got coffee and fried bread and boiled meat. She say she can't chew



Now she was well, or almost well. The old bright eyes beamed upon me. "Ethatay!" I cried again

that bread and that meat. Maybe if you bring her little rice and tea, then she be eatin' better."

"Well," I cried, "I'll get her some. We'll try."

I returned next day with my delicacies, plus a box of raisins, a great treat with the Indians, a fact happily recollected by me at the last moment. In the cabin all was as before. The old woman smiled faintly at my gifts. The young woman took some of the rice at once and put it on the stove to boil.

I went again. The patient was lying a little higher on her pillows now, her arms outside the quilts. Her

eyes were open. I stood by the bed smiling down at her. Then, lifting her old hands, she began with signs to tell me that she was getting well. Her cupped left hand seemed to be the roof of a dark abyss into which her right hand, its extended fingers cramped, sank, sank—I understood. She had been dying, all but gone. Then suddenly the right hand by the same slow degrees began to jerk upward, out from under the gloom of the overhanging left. So she. Now she was well, or almost well. The old bright eyes beamed upon me.

"Ethatay!" I cried again.

"Yes."

At my fourth visit she was gone.

"Why?" I cried at sight of her empty and denuded bed. "Where is she?"

They smiled at my astonishment. "She is well. She has gone in a wagon over to the river."

We all stood smiling at each other. The food I had brought, "white" bread (raised bread), a can of peaches, some potatoes, a paper sack of dried apricots, I gave to them that were left.

Still carrying their packages, they accompanied me to my pony and held him for me to mount.

It was perhaps three weeks after this that she sent for me again.

"To-day?" I cried. I was rather busy.

"No-o," they said. "But soon."

"To-morrow, I think."

"All right. We tell her."

SO AGAIN I rode down to the granddaughter's cabin.

This time both of the young women ran out to meet me. One took my pony's rope to tie him for me. There was in their manner something special, though subtle. I watched guardedly.

They had left the door of the cabin open, and now in the empty door frame stood the grandmother, smiling, her withered old face alert, her neat shawl and short braided hair framing her face.

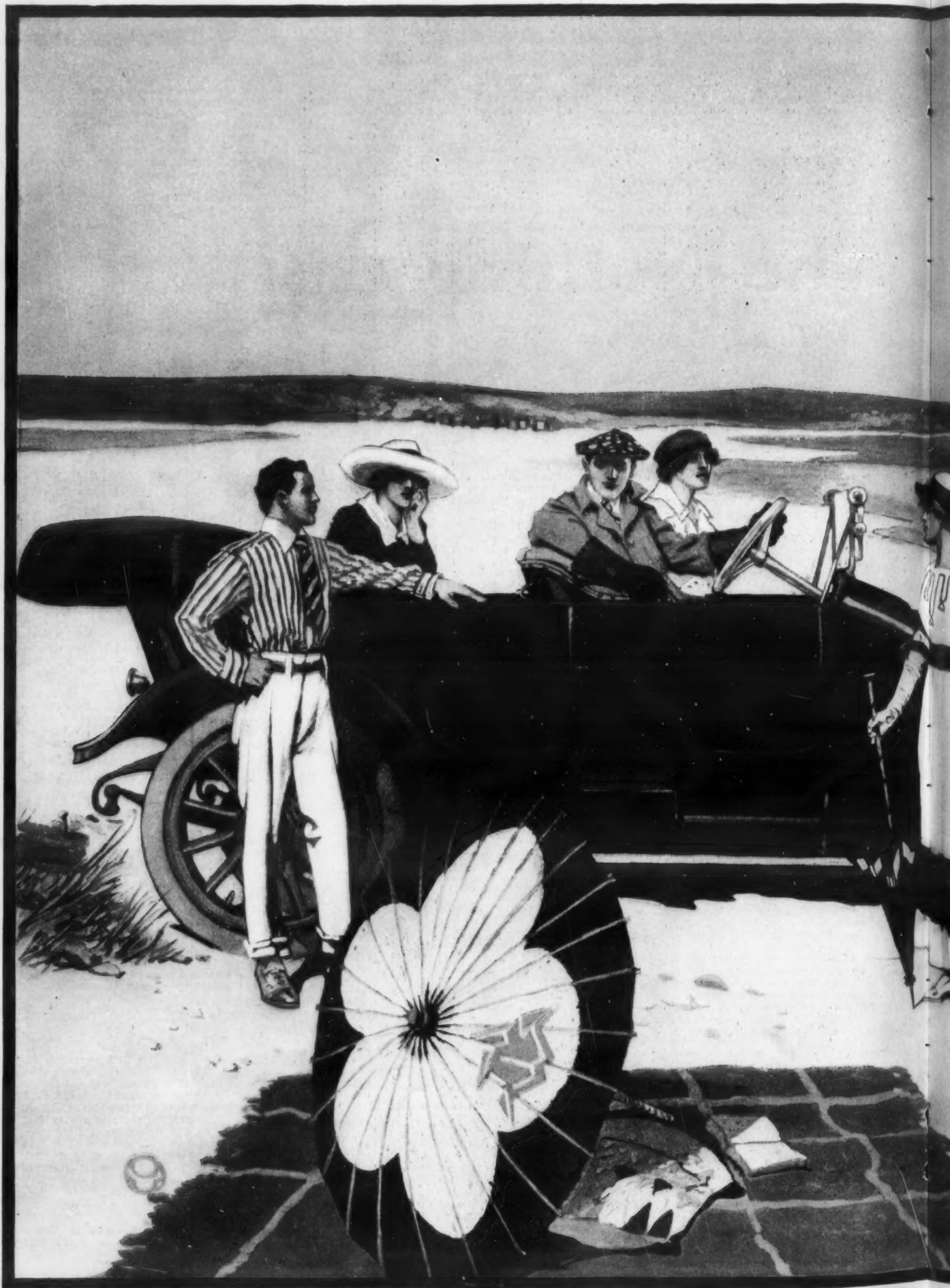
They took me in.

Conversation under the circumstances was difficult, but we smiled, exchanging little commonplaces. And we waited. Then the old woman arose and went to her trunk, one of the folded and painted rawhide "trunks" or cases of the Indians, relic of the old days, safest and handiest thing with which to load and pack a horse. From this she produced a wide black cowhide robe, tanned to the plicancy of a kid glove. She spread it out before me.

"For you!" her old hands cried. "I give it to you. I was sick and you took pity on me. I couldn't eat and you brought me good food. I was going down, down into the valley of the shadow, but you led me up again. I am your old woman." Her eyes beamed with affection. "It is a free gift," she said. "There is to be no return. It is a 'nothing' gift," and her old hands described the circular "nothing" sign—that is, it was not a ceremonial present, requiring one in return.

All eyes in the cabin were upon me.

(Concluded on page 34)



1914

Overland

\$950

35 Horsepower

Completely Equipped

F. O. B. Toledo

Electric head, side and
Tail lights
Storage Battery and
Ammeter
35 Horsepower Motor
114-Inch Wheelbase
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With Gray & Davis Electric Starter and Generator—\$1075

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THE 1914 Overland is ready for demonstration and delivery. Our production for next year has been increased to 50,000 cars. This greatly increased production, combined with the natural manufacturing economy of restricting ourselves to one chassis, again enables us to make our customary annual offer of considerably more car for considerably less money.

While the price has gone down the value has gone up. The motor is larger; the wheelbase is longer; the tires are larger; the tonneau is larger; the equipment is better—including such additions as electric lights; the body is more handsomely finished, in rich dark Brewster green, with heavy nickel and aluminum trimmings; in fact, in every single and individual respect it is an improved car at a reduced price.

We already have applications on file for more cars than we can deliver during the month of August. Therefore, it is advisable for you to see the nearest Overland dealer promptly, in order to secure an immediate delivery.

1914 catalogue on request.

Please address Dept. 6

The Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio

The Aisles of Trade

By Diana Hirschler

ILLUSTRATED BY MORRIS HALL PANCOAST

EXPERTS, such as the writer of this article, have in recent years developed a new science, that of creating efficiency in employees. Rules will not do it, nor will clocks or fines. But a keen, sympathetic knowledge of human nature, of mental machinery, will enable the expert to put the girl in touch with her own inner self, the source of all efficiency.

"CAN you see me a few minutes some time to-day?"

I looked at the girl who spoke and remembered her by no special incident of praise or blame. Those are the pegs memory hangs her recognition on in my work.

"Surely; come to the office in a half hour."

I have learned not to try to anticipate what the problem is of the sales girl who comes to me. It might be a stepmother, or a drunken father; it might be pain of body or trouble of mind, or an empty purse, or I might even be surprised with a song of joy.

So what Miss Anderson wanted, I made no attempt to foretell. As she had stood before me, I recognized a fine, sensitive face with its signs of quick recoil from much that would escape the phlegmatic. This was accentuated by an unusual silky fineness of her very yellow hair.

"Well, Miss Anderson," I said, as she appeared, "let's have our chat," and we shook hands to begin with. Nervous intensity gave my hand its mark through her grip, a further cue to whatever conditions her story might unfold.

"Miss Hirschler, I want to talk with you about my temper. I have a sharp tongue and it lost me my last position. I speak up quickly to the girls in the department, and then they get to dislike me. And I have to watch myself or I'll do it to customers. I'd like to get over it. Do you think I can?"

I HAVE said I could not always foretell the problem I was to face with a sales girl. But the general divisions of troubles are few, and the special one may be classified quickly. Here was an excellent illustration of what an educator business is in life.

"Do I think you can overcome irritation? I know you can. And I'll explain why. There is a Miss Anderson in you that is patient and gentle and soft of speech, and it is this Miss Nannie Anderson that has come to me this morning. And I'm pleased to meet her. For it is the permanent you; the other is the transient. You can remember as a child that this transient you slapped some one when it was angry probably, and now you don't. The real you has denied



"You annoy him to distraction. You are untidy. And you ask a customer how much she wants to pay"

the slap its place in your daily life, just as it stops us at a certain age from making faces at each other and sticking out our tongues.

"So the real you denies the tongue its right to hurt others by speech. Miss Nannie Anderson is therefore saying to herself right now: 'I want to be sweet and gentle and I will find a way.' The 'want to' spirit you roused in yourself made the 'will to' do it strong enough to seek me for advice. Do you see, my girl, you have now the only friend you need to accomplish self-control, your own will.

"Let's take that very word, self-control. It means control by the self, the real you, of the usurper self, the one that pretends to be you. To oust this one, you are now to think about the real you, its power, its kindness, its patience, its true friendliness to others, and its refusal to acknowledge the shadow you as its own, or as having any power to use you. I shall give you some thoughts to center on as a daily exercise, especially before you go to sleep. This is to tell your will just what you expect it to carry out."

So begins my supervision of Miss Nannie Anderson to train her to do her work well.

In the creation of an efficient retail sales person is fulfilled the great law of service in its most personal form.

She is face to face in her work with the one who fills the pay envelope, eye to eye, touch to touch we might say often, and in the Helen Keller sense smell to smell, so human is each transaction. Every article that the great wheels within wheels of industry turn out must be transferred piece by piece to the environment of a consumer in her presence. The merchandise idea becomes lost in the working out of human relations.

So, in my work of training retail employees to skill and also of training others to train them, I recognize the same aim the educator in

"You won't mind my being frank with you and saying the house prefers you not to wear much jewelry"

school or college should have for them. And that aim is no less than a trained will, a wise judgment, an individuality that compels attention and yet not attention that is personal.

Annie Sapra is in demand as an operator on waists by virtue of her manual accuracy and speed. No need for the personal radiation of those qualities that invite trust. Collarless her neck may be, beltless her waist, bent her back, unkempt her hands and feet. Minus charm, minus enthusiasm, she may be efficient.

Now, Annie Smith displays those same waists to the consumer for whom they were made by an efficient operator. But Annie Smith, to be efficient, must show the social courtesies and the personal drawing power of an interested individuality, combined with the art of making it all impersonal. She must attract personally, only to confer the resulting confidence to her merchandise.

I SEND for Miss Smith to see me privately. She enters swinging an arm with three bracelets on it rather defiantly, so they make a rattling sound. For she suspects they are to be mentioned.

"Miss Smith, you won't mind my being frank with you and saying the house prefers you not to wear much jewelry."

"It's very strange; I've worked in so many places and they never objected to what I had on."

Presuming on my smile and tone to make my remark friendly, I said: "Perhaps that's the reason you've been in so many places. Miss Smith, this house believes in you and wants you, or I shouldn't bother to tell you something unpleasant, for I don't enjoy saying it any more than you enjoy hearing it. But I'm going to explain why you make your work hard by overdress."

"You are here to center the minds of your customers on the hats you have to sell, not on yourself. The more quickly you do that, the more quickly you make your sale, isn't that so? Then, when you wear something that attracts them to it and you with it on, are you making the sale easier? You know you would rather make a good sale than be admired for having jewelry. Anyone who values her position would."

"You have several pictures hanging in the millinery salon. Describe the one you like best."

She did promptly. "What sort of a frame has it?"

She hesitates: "White and gold, I guess."

"You pay the frame a compliment by not remembering it. It is so appropriate it does not detract from the picture, it simply improves it. That is what dress should do—bring out your attractiveness but not deflect the eye to itself. You are pleasing enough, Miss Smith, to rely upon yourself to attract, without overdoing the frame business."

And so we thresh it out together. At least, I prod the mind in front of me, unused to thinking, so that here and there reasoning gains ground. Anyway, she must leave me with a feeling of relief as regards the purpose of her visit. It might have been worse than the matter of her wearing many bracelets.

ANYONE could order Miss Smith to remove an inappropriate article of dress. But my department stands for promoting unity, for teaching reasons, for awakening the desire to be that success which means permanent position and more wages.

Miss Nettie Klein rushed into my corner one day and said: "Miss Hirschler, I'm hoodooed, positively hoodooed. I haven't sold a thing for two days, and this morning I've started out the same way. So I thought I'd come to you for a boost."

She let me laugh for a moment, then I said: "You certainly are hoodooed if you think you are. That's the only hoodoo there is. Nettie Klein is a good saleswoman, and there's nothing that can stand in the way of her selling but herself, so we'll change the hoodoo into a mascot, and you run along now and sell like—well, like yourself."

True enough, as I passed her on the floor two hours later, she beamed: "Say, I sold a \$62.50 dress the minute I got back. It's all off," and she waved aside an imaginary foe.

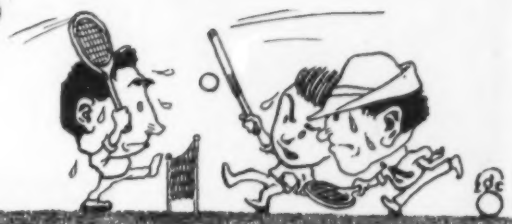
But it is in the class work that I do the most consecutive training. For the

(Continued on page 32)



Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice



The Ultimate Invictus

(If we are to credit the printed statement of President Wilson's alert caddy)

IN THE fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

Thus Henley wrote in boastful mood,
To show us that his iron will
By fate was not to be subdued,
However lousy be the spill.

But Percy Wilson has him trimmed,
For when he smears a ten-inch putt,
Although the batty cup be rimmed,
He only sighs and mutters "Tut!"

Throttling Debate

ONE proclaimed recently that the Giants followed McGraw implicitly and rarely attempted to argue with their chief. On the other hand they start an argument once in a while but rarely ever finish it.

For example, some Giant attempts to put over a certain play and is nailed by a yard.

"Vil!" says McGraw as the Athlete comes in to the coach. "What's your reason or explanation for that play?"

"It was like this," answers the Athlete; "I thought—"
"What with?" snaps McGraw, thereby closing out the rebuttal to a finish.

Baseball Luck

JUST what part in baseball does luck play?" we asked Connie Mack.

"Luck," answered Connie, "is merely a matter of injuries to players. The rest of it evens up—such as close decisions by the umpire; long drives that barely go foul or are barely caught and other turns that are known as the break of the game. But injuries to players vary upon different clubs and are beyond any man's reckoning. To figure out how much more luck one club has had than another, it is only necessary to figure how many regulars one club has lost in play compared to the other and the amount of time these regulars have been out of the game."

Which sounds reasonable enough. Last season Mack had several good men out, Boston remained intact, and Boston won handsily. This season Boston lost Stahl, Wagner, Yerkes, Gardiner, and others at various stages, while Philadelphia retained her line-up, and by mid July old conditions were reversed. Where Boston was ten games ahead in 1912, the Athletics in July carried that same margin in 1913.

Statistics show that the Cleveland club has suffered more from fate than any other in either league. Next to Cleveland the New York Americans and Philadelphia Nationals follow in order. These three have all been targets for the Marksman of Misfortune and have yet to win a pennant after several dashing starts that made them early favorites. The Cleveland club still holds the record when in 1905 it lost Clarke and Bemis, catchers; Joss and Moore, pitchers; Stovall, Lajoie, and Bradley from the infield with Bay and Flick from the outfield, and all within a period of two weeks. This season, when Cleveland was neck and neck with Philadelphia, Lajoie had his right hand broken. Manager Birmingham suffered a broken leg, and the club promptly dropped back.

Pittsburgh, picked as an early favorite, lost Wagner and Gibson at the start with other regulars crippled, and was almost hopelessly floundering by June. Where one or two high-grade ball players can often turn a second-division club into a pennant contender, so the loss of one or two regulars can turn a pennant contender into a second-division ruck.

John McGraw, through a long, hard training period, where the average age of his line-up is well under thirty, has suffered fewer mishaps of late than other rivals. On the other hand he has each position on his club well guarded by dependable aides so that when trouble arrived the gap was instantly plugged with first-class stuff. McGraw could lose five regulars and still present a strong battle front, which accounts in good part for his three-year success.

Strong ball clubs unprotected against disaster have but little show in a game where so many of late years are breaking before the smash and tension of the game.

The International Summing Up

THE Davis Cup has come over to spend a pleasant fall and winter at least with the Polo Trophy, leaving Great Britain at the nineteenth hole discussing the eminent prowess of Taylor, Vardon, and Ray. In the International Sweepstakes the Lion finished second to the Eagle in two of the three contending fields.

Great Britain and her Colonies, according to forecast, maintained her supremacy in golf. But at polo and tennis she merely made a gallant fight that was not good enough to win.

If you care for further details we have a ready explanation handy. Golf is a game of nerve suppression and nerve control—a game where an even, regulated temperament will rule the field. And British poise and stolidity is beyond America's.

Tennis and polo are games of energy unrestrained—of smash and dash and fluttering intervals—of high speed and high tension that can be unleashed. America carries the smash and the dash and the unrestraint. And British poise and evenness was overwhelmed, though it was backed by courage and skill.

Britain had the calm courage required by golf but not the rushing aggressiveness required in the other fields of play.

A nation that can sit out a cricket game or that can master golf is a nation of infinite patience. But there is small room for infinite patience where the other delegate is on top of you as if he were fired from a 44-inch gun. It isn't a case of patience then, but of the punch.

And the punch is exactly what Britain needs to back up her skill and courage.

Skill and courage are vital parts of any game, but against the rush of the polo four and the crimson-domed McLoughlin the final score is answer enough that even this combination is not supreme.

Offshoots

SOME pitchers have more stuff on the ball than they can crowd over the plate.

On the other hand, it often takes more nerve to hold a lead than it does to come from behind.

Playing it safe is well enough where one is content to finish second.

The man who never takes a chance rarely gets in very bad—or very good.

The Winning Game

IN trailing the procession through any golf tournament of rank, it is surprising to see the large number of those who can step up and crack a long, clean shot from the tee.

Moving on with the parade it is equally surprising to see how this majority melts away when it comes to accurate approaching; and how the residue is still further eliminated when the final test arrives where deadly putting will tell the story.

Apparently the shorter the distance to be covered by a golf stroke, the harder the stroke is to make. Not in practice, but in actual play.

The shorter the distance left the more importance the stroke assumes and also the greater need there is for accuracy.

In driving it's often a matter of rods; in approaching, a matter of yards, but in putting it's a matter of inches, or the fraction of an inch. And then again it is so much easier to take a full, clean swipe at the ball than it is to handle the repression and rigidity which come from facing narrow limits of both distance and direction.

Jerome D. Travers, national champion, has shown us again this season how much more important the iron is than the wood; and how much more important putting and short approaching are than all the rest of it combined.

Rivals have beaten him steadily up to within 50 or 100 yards of the cup, only to fade away before the deadly accuracy of his jigger and putter. Travers can putt and Travis can putt while neither are wonderful from the tee. Yet there are no two harder to beat in the grind of match play. The long game is the first half mile, but the short game is the stretch, and the bulk of all good game races: re won between the pole and the wire.

With Rag and Pack

THEY have gripped us—you and I—
in the sweat heap of the throng;
They have chained us to the job—
and we may not break away;
And we may not follow now where the
red road winds along
Through the sun and wind and rain to
the edge of night and day.

They have gripped us—you and I—but
our dreams have snapped the chains,
And with rag and pack have left by
the still uncharted trails
Through the starlight and the storms—by
the mountain peaks and plains,
Where the seventh sea unrolls to a
thousand gleaming sails.

They may look on us as slaves or as
captives of the town,
But we'll laugh them back in scorn,
though our weary bodies bend,
As our free souls range the hills where
the torrents hurtle down
And we take an untrod path by a road
that knows no end.

Roving vagabonds of dream, we are off
with rag and pack
Through the silver sweep of dawn to
the purple paths of night,
Through the open air of God by the
never-ending track
That is leading us afar from the sweat
heap and the fight.

We are off to come no more where our
weary bodies wait,
Through the grasses and the woods by
an ever-singing stream,
Through the wind and sun and rain on
beyond the city's gate,
Drifting vagabonds at home in the
Romany of dream.

Pitching Records

THE extreme fallacy of pitching records in regard to establishing the rival worth of different slab men was never illustrated to better effect than in the case of Arthur Fromme, the ex-lie, traded to the Giants for Ames, Devore, and Groh.

With the Reds this spring Fromme worked in 6 games. He won 1 and lost 5—percentage .166.

Shifted to the Giants, by the time Fromme had worked in 6 games his record stood at 5 won and 1 lost—percentage .833. The same pitcher through the same season in exactly the same condition was able to show a gain of 667 percentage points with a leader above his showing with a tailender.

And the same shift would come to other stars, held captives upon second-division clubs.

Pitchers like Sallee of St. Louis, Rucker of Brooklyn, and several others if cast with Giants or Athletics would be next to unbeatable in place of working their souls to the raw in a struggle to break even on the year. Ray Fisher of the Yankees dropped 15 of his first 17 games where if he had employed the same brand as a member of the Mackian artillery he should have won 15 out of 17. The Fromme incident furnishes the answer as to what pitching records are worth.

By Way of Rejoinder

"J. BULL, JR.," chides us at considerable length and with amazing vehemence for what he considers our unfairness to England in her sportive affairs. Will he pardon us a moment while we quote from Mr. Owen Seaman, the English editor of English "Punch":

Where, ah where, shall we seek asylum?
How shall we gild again,
Fallen and tarnished deep, the whitom
Coronals? Frank and Done
Filch from our brows the olive boughs,
Sprinters we have, but they halt like cows—
And as for our chess and our chucking the pylon—
Ah, stop! It is too much pain.



THE fear of fire exists in every human being. Too often it is in the background until a tongue of flame stealthily creeps in among our loved ones, and taking us unawares, leaves a blackened scar which may take years or eternity to heal.

Have you taken proper precaution to protect your home from this danger? It may be your turn next. The Pyrene Fire Extinguisher is a handy, dependable weapon. It is more than a polished brass ornament. Pyrene puts science and readiness between your dearest possessions and possible disaster.

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The New Politics—V

Is Competition Worth Restoring?

By R. M. McClintock

STATESMEN in both the Democratic and Republican parties usually announce it as their chief purpose, in settling our economic problems, to "restore competition." But they speak ill-advisedly. The moment you begin to pin them down to an exact definition they begin to make exceptions. And you don't have to analyze their statements far until you discover that the exceptions in which they would not restore competition are more numerous than the cases in which they would try to do so. For, in many instances, competition has passed irrevocably away, and no one regrets its passing, or would dare advocate its restoration.

No statesman, for instance, would be so rash as to advocate a return to free competition in labor. Free competition in labor exists in certain industries—steel, cotton, wool—and we all blush at the conditions that exist in those industries. Every labor union is a combination in restraint of trade—whether reasonable or not the Supreme Court has not decreed. And it is only in the well-organized industries—those from which labor competition has been effectually banished—that labor gets anything like its fair due. Labor has found that free competition is fatal; that only through cooperation can justice be secured.

Competition is dead in the railroad business, so far at least as the fixing of rates is concerned. All rates are now fixed by a central body; there is no rate cutting, no granting of rebates. And who is there who would call back, if he could, the old days of free competition, when rates were slashed right and left, and no business man could tell what his competitor was paying? Both railroads and the public have found that there is something better than competition: the making of joint rates, under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. And the demand now is, not for a restoration of competition, but for the strengthening of the Government's regulatory powers.

In most cities the demand for competing public utilities is forever stilled. Where there is not municipal ownership of utilities, there is State or municipal regulation. Competition has been found both wasteful and inconvenient, in the long run, as compared with regulation.

But even labor unions, railroads, and public utilities do not constitute the only exceptions to those lines in which it has been recognized that competition is better dead. To an increasing degree farmers' unions are being formed in restraint of trade; California citrus growers, Colorado and Oregon apple growers, Louisiana cane planters have formed trusts; there are increasing numbers of farmers' cooperative elevators, mills, and stores. And no politician has the hardihood to protest against these infractions of the law of free competition, or to urge the passage of legislative acts for their destruction. They have grown from the people's stern necessities; they have been found necessary correctives of some of the injustices that have grown up under the law of free competition.

CAN COMPETITION BE ENFORCED?

BUT, we are told, in the realm of Big Business there must be a restoration of free competition, else the nation will perish. And we are also told that Government regulation, as a substitute for the restoration of competition, is a matter of such infinite complexity that it is not to be thought of, and that it would destroy all initiative. But would regulation be any more complex, or more perplexing, or less possible of achieving,

than the decade-long and as yet abortive attempt to break up the big trusts into competing units? For all the time and all the money that have been spent in these efforts to enforce competition we have as results only such farces as the Standard Oil and Tobacco "dissolutions." And would there really be less initiative under Government-regulated trusts than there is now under trusts, in absolute control of all the great industries, and not regulated by the Government? It must be remembered that competition supplied the initiative that brought forth our present trust magnates. Do we want to breed more like them? Or do we prefer a type with less "initiative," perhaps, but more regard for the public welfare?

Is competition worth preserving, even if it could be restored? No one would restore it in labor, in the making of railroad rates, in the public utilities' field, nor where cooperation has taken its place in agriculture. Competition spawned the trusts. Government kept hands off, and the strongest survived. Competition is industrial war. International agreements may somewhat modify the barbarities of war, but it still remains, what it always has been, hell. And so Government may to an extent restrain some of the more vicious practices of our industrial war, but as long as real competition exists there will be such outbreaks, industrially, as there has just been in real war in the Balkans. For when we call upon the brute in man, the brute is sure to respond.

THE WASTES OF COMPETITION

AFTER all, competition isn't as rosy as its champions have painted it. Unrestrained competition leads to periods of overproduction, followed by periods of stagnation. That's bad for industry, for labor, for the community generally. Competition is frightfully wasteful in other ways. Take the retail grocery business, for instance, in which competition exists, at least in the striving for business by the grocers, if not in the cutting of prices. It has been conservatively estimated that from 20 to 30 per cent of the cost of foodstuffs is caused directly by our medieval methods of distribution—if, indeed, the Middle Ages knew anything so wasteful as this. And this

waste occurs in every town and city; there is no trust distribution of foodstuffs. How many millions annually could be saved in the cost of living if in each town the distribution of foodstuffs were scientifically carried on, from central stores, each delivery wagon having its own route, infringing on no other? What would be the saving in duplicated equipment, useless rent, advertising, and a hundred and one other items? And, as in the delivery of groceries, so of ice, of milk, of coal, of practically every other necessity of life.

And yet, with this big problem of distribution staring them in the face, our statesmen spend all their time and effort in revising the tariff, which will save pennies (if it finally saves anything) where this other would save dollars! And all that stands between us and a grapple with these really important problems is a blind faith in the outworn superstition that there is some inherent virtue in competition—in industrial war!

COOPERATION

SOME European nations have gone miles toward cooperation where we have gone feet. In France there are nearly 16,000 cooperative agricultural societies, in Germany 19,000, in little Denmark 2,100, in tiny Switzerland 3,000. Belgian labor is among the poorest paid in the world. Belgian workmen would starve if they wasted a tithe of what is wasted in the United States. The workers there have formed immense cooperative trading societies, the models for all the world. There were, in 1909, 199 such societies, with total sales of 43,288,867 francs, from which a profit was returned to the members of 4,678,559 francs. There are similar cooperative societies in England, Germany, and most European nations.

Governor McGovern of Wisconsin is one American executive who does not hesitate to face the future. He has proposed the enactment of a law creating a market commission, with powers over all business in that State similar to the powers exercised over utilities by the railroad commission. He would have the commission promote, "in the interest of the public, including producer and consumer alike, economical and efficient production and distribution of all commodities." And to this end he would have the State, through the commission, encourage the formation of cooperative societies, both by producers and consumers. He would have the commission regulate these societies and assist in their success by furnishing them with capable organizers, accountants, legal advisers, business managers. The usual cause for the failure of cooperative concerns in the United States is the ignorance or malfeasance of their promoters. State regulation would protect the members against both these causes of failure.

Isn't it about time for us in the United States to waken to the fact that unregulated and unrestricted competition is fast dying, and that it is best it should pass away, with all its frightful wastes, its bitter injustices, its tendency to develop man's selfishness at the expense of his social nature? Competition is dying, but only through some form of cooperation can the State secure the advantages of the savings of the new system, which now go almost wholly to the great trusts.

Should we not, then, turn our attention immediately to the work at hand, that of so regulating all business, small as well as great, that there shall be in it least waste, least injustice, the greatest possible service to the public need?



Sowing the Children—What Will the Harvest Be?

The Smileyville Experiment

By the Man Who Made It

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

EXCEPT for a few fictitious names, this is a narrative of facts—a chapter of autobiography by an editor in a Middle-Western country town. Nothing about it rings more true than its note of joyfulness. "Smileyville" is just the sort of place the editor of the "Express" says it is; and what he modestly describes as an "experiment" is the pride of the community.

THE day I broke into the newspaper game I lingered at the office after most of the reporters had gone. I fancied if I were on hand when something big turned up I, the cub, might get a chance to cover myself with glory. Big Bill Harvey, late-stay man on the city desk, sighting at me between his crossed and elevated feet, emitted a fat man's chuckle, and said:

"Son, do you know I'm a mind reader?"

"Not yet."

"Well, I'm it. I can tell just what you're planning to do in this business."

"I dare you."

"You think you're going to save up your money, and some time you're going to buy a paper in a little town with a big future, and grow with it, and become rich and independent?"

I was astonished. I hadn't told a soul. Bill's grin broadened.

"You're wondering how I know, are you?" he asked. "Well, I've only been in this business a little over twenty years, but I never knew a cub yet who didn't have that same scheme secreted up his sleeve. But with most of 'em it works out as it did with me—it doesn't. We all keep thinking we'll do it some time. But 'some time' means 'never,' son, unless right in the beginning a fellow starts working out plans to make it mean 'now.' Just feed on that thought awhile. There's a lot of nourishment in it if you can assimilate it."

Bill had struck my case exactly. I had that very idea about a little town with a big future. And I believed any well-located town would do—that any such town, no matter whether or not it were thriving then, could be made to grow and prosper and advance with the right kind of newspaper leadership. I had all the confidence of youth, too, that I could give it just that kind.

THE KNOCK OF OPPORTUNITY

BUT the longer I stayed on a metropolitan paper the further away I got from realizing that ambition. In the first place I failed to save any money. From the start I lived up to the top notch of my salary, and later a little ahead of it. When I was a cub I bought my clothes from haberdashers and paid cash. When I was getting three times the salary I started on I was running an account with a tailor, and often had to let my bills run two or three months. In spite of Bill's excellent advice, I kept putting off making a start.

The events which changed my course were wholly fortuitous. They began when my friend Cole was brought to the city to undergo a surgical operation. I had met Cole when covering a convention, and he was one of the men who made me envy country editors. He ran a county weekly in a little Mid-Western town. Rather, he owned the paper, and let it run itself. He spent most of his



"What, that house for \$15?" "That's the one."
"And the yard?" "Oh, we throw that in." I took it

time going about. In those days railroad passes were plentiful for editors and politicians, and Cole was both. He always was glad of an excuse to go, and so either was sent or went of his own accord to all sorts of conventions and gatherings. He was a big, fine-looking fellow, and the farther from home he got the more prominent he made himself. The importance and prosperity of his paper also increased with distance. When he was in Chicago it was clearing him \$300 a month. When he was in Washington it was netting him \$400, and was the most influential paper in the State. He never missed a chance to remark that the country editor is the freest, most independent mortal on earth, and he seemed to prove it. He was a fine fellow and good company, was Cole, but a great old pretender.

I visited Cole in the hospital frequently, and was there the day he died. Then I learned from his brother that he left practically nothing. A widower with no children, Cole's chief aim had been to be as much of a public man as he could. Pursuing that ambition, he had mortgaged his paper so heavily it was doubtful if his equity would pay outstanding bills. At the sheriff's sale, the brother said, it would not bring more than two or three hundred dollars. I had supposed Cole to be worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, so that the news shocked me; but it also gave me a sudden resolution.

I knew I could borrow \$1,000 without interest from a relative, and thought I saw the finger of Opportunity beckoning. A week after Cole's funeral I had made arrangements to buy his paper,

paying \$400 cash for his equity and assuming a mortgage for \$2,800, provided the proposal suited me after inspection of the plant. All my ideas of newspaper values and opportunities had been gained from my connection with a million-dollar concern, and this chance to own a real newspaper for such a small investment seemed to me too good to let slip.

ALIGHTING AT SMILEYVILLE

THEN I looked up Bill Harvey, city editor at last, and told him. Bill chuckled fatly, and said:

"No fool like a young fool."

"First time I knew you had a jealous disposition," I answered. "Sure, that's it—jealous. Here you are, still a kid, only been on the paper seven years, and on the editorial staff already, all because you were born lucky and have a knack for jokes and verse and sharp paragraphs. Exchange editors are eating your stuff raw—some of it might as well be some of it has even crossed the big water. Now you want to give up a little snap like that to go and raise moss on your back in Jayville-in-the-sticks—or is it on-the-Styx?"

So much for the consistency of advisers.

I got a leave of absence with the understanding that I would resign by wire if I bought the paper. My wife and I had decided I was to see what sort of apartment we could get before she forwarded our chattels. I had suggested a house, so the baby would have a yard to play in, but she was sure we couldn't afford a house, and also feared it would be very hard on us to get along without a janitor. So we settled on an apartment, and I wrote down instructions as to what sort of an apartment to look for, just how the bathroom must be located, and such details. Oh, we were beautifully "green!"

I never will forget the minute I stepped off the train at Smileyville. I felt like Martin Chuzzlewit when he landed at Eden. The station was a stout little box, but its one front window was so grimed that the only clear spot in it was where the glass was broken out. The wooden station platform was crowded with people who plainly were not there to meet anyone, but merely to see. The only alert-looking persons in sight were two negroes, one of whom stood in the door of an ancient bus and lustily bawled: "Pallus Ho-tel, Pallus Ho-tel." The other, a supple, pleasant-faced youth, glided forward, reached for my grip, and said: "Anywhah in town, mistah—jes' a dime."

I asked how far it was to the office of the Smileyville "Express." For a moment he seemed puzzled. Then he said:

"Oh, de 'Ex-press.' It's right close."

THE SMILEYVILLE WELCOME

I DIDN'T like his accentuation of the "ex," particularly when the following syllable was "press." It struck me as an ill omen. But soon I learned it was a peculiarity of pronunciation into which the whole community had fallen, and that the rival paper invariably was called the "A-peal."

There was only one short business street, and it was generally called "the

Bent Bones Make Ugly Feet

ARE all your toes straight? Are you conscious of your feet? At the watering places—how many persons are painfully conscious of the looks of their feet—when they're uncovered?

Painfully conscious! Bent bones caused by narrow toed shoes are responsible for constant pain—burning, aching, unending foot misery.

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The Aisles of Trade

By Diana Hirschler

ILLUSTRATED BY MORRIS HALL PANCOAST

EXPERTS, such as the writer of this article, have in recent years developed a new science, that of creating efficiency in employees. Rules will not do it, nor will clocks or fines. But a keen, sympathetic knowledge of human nature, of mental machinery, will enable the expert to put the girl in touch with her own inner self, the source of all efficiency.

CAN you see me a few minutes some time to-day?"

I looked at the girl who spoke and remembered her by no special incident of praise or blame. Those are the pegs memory hangs her recognition on in my work.

"Surely; come to the office in a half hour." I have learned not to try to anticipate what the problem is of the sales girl who comes to me. It might be a stepmother, or a drunken father; it might be pain of body or trouble of mind, or an empty purse, or I might even be surprised with a song of joy.

As what Miss Anderson wanted, I made no attempt to foretell. As she had stood before me, I recognized a fine, sensitive face with its signs of quick recoil from much that would escape the phlegmatic. This was accentuated by an unusual silky fineness of her very yellow hair.

"Well, Miss Anderson," I said, as she appeared, "let's have our chat," and we shook hands to begin with. Nervous intensity gave my hand its mark through her grip, a further clue to whatever conditions her story might unfold.

"Miss Hirschler, I want to talk with you about my temper. I have a sharp tongue and it lost me my last position. I speak up quickly to the girls in the department, and then they get to dislike me. And I have to watch myself or I'll do it to customers. I'd like to get over it. Do you think I can?"

I HAVE said I could not always foretell the problem I was to face with a sales girl. But the general divisions of troubles are few, and the special one may be classified quickly. Here was an excellent illustration of what an educator business is in life.

"Do I think you can overcome irritation? I know you can. And I'll explain why. There is a Miss Anderson in you that is patient and gentle and soft of speech, and it is this Miss Nannie Anderson that has come to me this morning. And I'm pleased to meet her. For it is the permanent you; the other is the transient. You can remember as a child that this transient you slapped some one when it was angry probably, and now you don't. The real you has denied



"You annoy him to distraction. You are untidy. And you ask a customer how much she wants to pay"

the slap its place in your daily life, just as it stops us at a certain age from making faces at each other and sticking out our tongues.

"So the real you denies the tongue its right to hurt others by speech. Miss Nannie Anderson is therefore saying to herself right now: 'I want to be sweet and gentle and I will find a way.' The 'want to' spirit you roused in yourself made the 'will to' do it strong enough to seek me for advice. Do you see, my girl, you have now the only friend you need to accomplish self-control, your own will.

"Let's take that very word, self-control. It means control by the self, the real you, of the usurper self, the one that pretends to be you. To oust this one, you are now to think about the real you, its power, its kindness, its patience, its true friendliness to others, and its refusal to acknowledge the shadow you as its own, or as having any power to use you. I shall give you some thoughts to center on as a daily exercise, especially before you go to sleep. This is to tell your will just what you expect it to carry out."

So begins my supervision of Miss Nannie Anderson to train her to do her work well.

In the creation of an efficient retail sales person is fulfilled the great law of service in its most personal form.

She is face to face in her work with the one who fills the pay envelope, eye to eye, touch to touch we might say often, and in the Helen Keller sense smell to smell, so human is each transaction. Every article that the great wheels within wheels of industry turn out must be transferred piece by piece to the environment of a consumer in her presence. The merchandise idea becomes lost in the working out of human relations.

So, in my work of training retail employees to skill and also of training others to train them, I recognize the same aim the educator in

"You won't mind my being frank with you and saying the house prefers you not to wear much jewelry"

school or college should have for them. And that aim is no less than a trained will, a wise judgment, an individuality that compels attention and yet not attention that is personal.

Annie Sapra is in demand as an operator on waists by virtue of her manual accuracy and speed. No need for the personal radiation of those qualities that invite trust. Collarless her neck may be, beltless her waist, bent her back, unkempt her hands and feet. Minus charm, minus enthusiasm, she may be efficient.

Now, Annie Smith displays those same waists to the consumer for whom they were made by an efficient operator. But Annie Smith, to be efficient, must show the social courtesies and the personal drawing power of an interested individuality, combined with the art of making it all impersonal. She must attract personally, only to confer the resulting confidence to her merchandise.

I SEND for Miss Smith to see me privately. She enters swinging an arm with three bracelets on it rather defiantly, so they make a rattling sound. For she suspects they are to be mentioned.

"Miss Smith, you won't mind my being frank with you and saying the house prefers you not to wear much jewelry."

"It's very strange; I've worked in so many places and they never objected to what I had on."

Presuming on my smile and tone to make my remark friendly, I said: "Perhaps that's the reason you've been in so many places. Miss Smith, this house believes in you and wants you, or I shouldn't bother to tell you something unpleasant, for I don't enjoy saying it any more than you enjoy hearing it. But I'm going to explain why you make your work hard by overdoing."

"You are here to center the minds of your customers on the hats you have to sell, not on yourself. The more quickly you do that, the more quickly you make your sale. Isn't that so? Then, when you wear something that attracts them to it and you with it on, are you making the sale easier? You know you would rather make a good sale than be admired for having jewelry. Anyone who values her position would."

"You have several pictures hanging in the millinery salon. Describe the one you like best."

She did promptly. "What sort of a frame has it?"

She hesitates: "White and gold, I guess."

"You pay the frame a compliment by not remembering it. It is so appropriate it does not detract from the picture, it simply improves it. That is what dress should do—bring out your attractiveness but not deflect the eye to itself. You are pleasing enough, Miss Smith, to rely upon yourself to attract, without overdoing the frame business."

And so we thresh it out together. At least, I put the mind in front of me, unused to thinking, so that here and there reasoning gains ground. Anyway, she must leave me with a feeling of relief as regards the purpose of her visit. It might have been worse than the matter of her wearing many bracelets.

ANYONE could order Miss Smith to remove an inappropriate article of dress. But my department stands for promoting unity, for teaching reason, for awakening the desire to be that success which means permanent position and more wages.

Miss Nettie Klein rushed into my corner one day and said: "Miss Hirschler, I'm hoodooed, positively hoodooed. I haven't sold a thing for two days, and this morning I've started out the same way. So I thought I'd come to you for a boost."

She let me laugh for a moment, then I said: "You certainly are hoodooed if you think you are. That's the only hoodoo there is. Nettie Klein is a good saleswoman, and there's nothing that can stand in the way of her selling but herself, so we'll change the hoodoo into a mascot, and you run along now and sell like hell, like yourself."

True enough, as I passed her on the floor two hours later, she beamed: "Say, I sold a \$62.50 dress the minute I got back. It's all off," and she waved aside an imaginary foe.

But it is in the class work that I do the most consecutive training. For the

(Continued on page 31)



Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice



The Ultimate Invictus

(If we are to credit the printed statement of President Wilson's alert caddy)

IN THE fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Thus Henley wrote in boastful mood,
To show us that his iron will
By fate was not to be subdued,
However lusty be the spill.

But Prexy Wilson has him trimmed,
For when he smears a ten-inch putt,
Although the bally cup be rimmed,
He only sighs and mutters "Tut!"

Throttling Debate

SOME ONE proclaimed recently that the Giants followed McGraw implicitly and rarely attempted to argue with their chief. On the other hand they start an argument once in a while but rarely ever finish it.

For example, some Giant attempts to put over a certain play and is nailed by a yard.

"Well," says McGraw as the Athlete comes in to the bench, "what's your reason or explanation for that play?"

"It was like this," answers the Athlete; "I thought—" "What with?" snaps McGraw, thereby closing out the rebuttal to a finish.

Baseball Luck

JUST what part in baseball does luck play?" we asked Connie Mack.

"Luck," answered Connie, "is merely a matter of injuries to players. The rest of it evens up—such as close decisions by the umpire; long drives that barely go foul or are barely caught and other turns that are known as the break of the game. But injuries to players vary upon different clubs and are beyond any man's reckoning. To figure out how much more luck one club has had than another, it is only necessary to figure how many regulars one club has lost in play compared to the other and the amount of time these regulars have been out of the game."

Which sounds reasonable enough. Last season Mack had several good men out, Boston remained intact, and Boston won handily. This season Boston lost Stahl, Wagner, Yerkes, Gardiner, and others at various stages, while Philadelphia retained her lineup, and by mid July old conditions were reversed. Where Boston was ten games ahead in 1912, the Athletics in July carried that same margin in 1913.

Statistics show that the Cleveland club has suffered more from fate than any other in either league. Next to Cleveland the New York Americans and Philadelphia Nationals follow in order. These three have all been targets for the Marksman of Misfortune and have yet to win a game after several dashing starts that made them early favorites. The Cleveland club still holds the record when in 1905 it lost Clarke and Bemis, catchers; Joss, Moore, pitchers; Stovall, Lajole, and Bradley from the infield with Ray and Flick from the outfield, and within a period of two weeks. This season, when Cleveland was neck and neck with Philadelphia, Lajole had his right hand broken, Manager Birmingham suffered a broken leg, and the club promptly dropped back.

Pittsburgh, picked as an early favorite, lost Wagner and Gibson at the start with other regulars crippled, and was almost hopelessly floundering by June. Where one or two high-grade ball players can often turn a second-division club into a pennant contender, so the loss of one or two regulars can turn a pennant contender into a second-division ruck.

John McGraw, through a long, hard training period, where the average age of his line-up is well under thirty, has suffered fewer mishaps of late than other rivals. On the other hand he has each position on his club well guarded by dependable aides so that when trouble arrived the gap was instantly plugged with first-class stuff. McGraw could lose five regulars and still present a strong battle front, which accounts in good part for his three-year success.

Strong ball clubs unprotected against disaster have but little show in a game where so many of late years are breaking before the smash and fenslon of the game.

The International Summing Up

THE Davis Cup has come over to spend a pleasant fall and winter at least with the Polo Trophy, leaving Great Britain at the nineteenth hole discussing the eminent prowess of Taylor, Vardon, and Ray. In the International Sweepstakes the Lion finished second to the Eagle in two of the three contending fields.

Great Britain and her Colonies, according to forecast, maintained her supremacy in golf. But at polo and tennis she merely made a gallant fight that was not good enough to win.

If you care for further details we have a ready explanation handy. Golf is a game of nerve suppression and nerve control—a game where an even, regulated temperament will rule the field. And British poise and stolidity is beyond America's.

Tennis and polo are games of energy unrestrained—of smash and dash and fluttering intervals—of high speed and high tension that can be unleashed. America carries the smash and the dash and the unrestraint. And British poise and evenness was overwhelmed, though it was backed by courage and skill.

Britain had the calm courage required by golf but not the rushing aggressiveness required in the other fields of play.

A nation that can sit out a cricket game or that can master golf is a nation of infinite patience. But there is small room for infinite patience where the other delegate is on top of you as if he were fired from a 44-inch gun. It isn't a case of patience then, but of the punch.

And the punch is exactly what Britain needs to back up her skill and courage.

Skill and courage are vital parts of any game, but against the rush of the polo four and the crimson-domed McLoughlin the final score is answer enough that even this combination is not supreme.

Offshoots

SOME pitchers have more stuff on the ball than they can crowd over the plate.

On the other hand, it often takes more nerve to hold a lead than it does to come from behind.

Playing it safe is well enough where one is content to finish second.

The man who never takes a chance rarely gets in very bad—or very good.

The Winning Game

IN trailing the procession through any golf tournament of rank, it is surprising to see the large number of those who can step up and crack a long, clean shot from the tee.

Moving on with the parade it is equally surprising to see how this majority melts away when it comes to accurate approaching; and how the residue is still further eliminated when the final test arrives where deadly putting will tell the story.

Apparently the shorter the distance to be covered by a golf stroke, the harder the stroke is to make. Not in practice, but in actual play.

The shorter the distance left the more importance the stroke assumes and also the greater need there is for accuracy.

In driving it's often a matter of rods; in approaching, a matter of yards, but in putting it's a matter of inches, or the fraction of an inch. And then again it is so much easier to take a full, clean swipe at the ball than it is to handle the repression and rigidity which come from facing narrow limits of both distance and direction.

Jerome D. Travers, national champion, has shown us again this season how much more important the iron is than the wood; and how much more important putting and short approaching are than all the rest of it combined.

Rivals have beaten him steadily up to within 50 or 100 yards of the cup, only to fade away before the deadly accuracy of his jigger and putter. Travers can putt and Travis can putt while neither are wonderful from the tee. Yet there are no two harder to beat in the grind of match play. The long game is the first half mile, but the short game is the stretch, and the bulk of all good game races are won between the pole and the wire.

With Rag and Pack

THEY have gripped us—you and I—in the sweat heap of the throng;
They have chained us to the job—and we may not break away;
And we may not follow now where the red road winds along
Through the sun and wind and rain to the edge of night and day.

They have gripped us—you and I—but our dreams have snapped the chains,
And with rag and pack have left by the still uncharted trails
Through the starlight and the storms—by the mountain peaks and plains,
Where the seventh sea unrolls to a thousand gleaming sails.

They may look on us as slaves or as captives of the town,
But we'll laugh them back in scorn, though our weary bodies bend,
As our free souls range the hills where the torrents hurtle down
And we take an untrod path by a road that knows no end.

Roving vagabonds of dream, we are off with rag and pack
Through the silver sweep of dawn to the purple paths of night,
Through the open air of God by the never-ending track
That is leading us afar from the sweat heap and the fight.

We are off to come no more where our weary bodies wait,
Through the grasses and the woods by an ever-singing stream,
Through the wind and sun and rain on beyond the city's gate,
Drifting vagabonds at home in the Roman of dream.

Pitching Records

THE extreme fallacy of pitching records in regard to establishing the rival worth of different slab men was never illustrated to better effect than in the case of Arthur Fromme, the ex-Red, traded to the Giants for Ames, Devore, and Groh.

With the Reds this spring Fromme worked in 6 games. He won 1 and lost 5—percentage .166.

Shifted to the Giants, by the time Fromme had worked in 6 games his record stood at 5 won and 1 lost—percentage .833. The same pitcher through the same season in exactly the same condition was able to show a gain of 667 percentage points with a leader above his showing with a tailender.

And the same shift would come to other stars, held captives upon second-division clubs.

Pitchers like Sallee of St. Louis, Rucker of Brooklyn, and several others if cast with Giants or Athletics would be next to unbeatable in place of working their souls to the raw in a struggle to break even on the year. Ray Fisher of the Yankees dropped 15 of his first 17 games where if he had employed the same brand as a member of the Mackian artillery he should have won 15 out of 17. The Fromme incident furnishes the answer as to what pitching records are worth.

By Way of Rejoinder

"J. BULL, JR.," chides us at considerable length and with amazing vehemence for what he considers our unfairness to England in her sportive affairs.

Will he pardon us a moment while we quote from Mr. Owen Seaman, the English editor of English "Punch":

Where, ah where, shall we seek asylum?

How shall we gild again,

Fallen and tarnished deep, the whilom

Coronals? Frank and Dane

Filch from our brows the olive boughs.

Sprinters we have, but they halt like cours—

And as for our chess and our chucking the pylon—

Ah, stop! It is too much pain.



THE VITAL 5 MINUTES

THE fear of fire exists in every human being. Too often it is in the background until a tongue of flame stealthily creeps in among our loved ones, and taking us unawares, leaves a blackened scar which may take years or eternity to heal.

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The New Politics—V

Is Competition Worth Restoring?

By R. M. McClintock

STATESMEN in both the Democratic and Republican parties usually announce it as their chief purpose, in settling our economic problems, to "restore competition." But they speak ill-advisedly. The moment you begin to pin them down to an exact definition they begin to make exceptions. And you don't have to analyze their statements far until you discover that the exceptions in which they would not restore competition are more numerous than the cases in which they would try to do so. For, in many instances, competition has passed irrevocably away, and no one regrets its passing, or would dare advocate its restoration.

No statesman, for instance, would be so rash as to advocate a return to free competition in labor. Free competition in labor exists in certain industries—steel, cotton, wool—and we all blush at the conditions that exist in those industries. Every labor union is a combination in restraint of trade—whether reasonable or not the Supreme Court has not decreed. And it is only in the well-organized industries—those from which labor competition has been effectually banished—that labor gets anything like its fair due. Labor has found that free competition is fatal; that only through cooperation can justice be secured.

Competition is dead in the railroad business, so far at least as the fixing of rates is concerned. All rates are now fixed by a central body; there is no rate cutting, no granting of rebates. And who is there who would call back, if he could, the old days of free competition, when rates were slashed right and left, and no business man could tell what his competitor was paying? Both railroads and the public have found that there is something better than competition: the making of joint rates, under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. And the demand now is, not for a restoration of competition, but for the strengthening of the Government's regulatory powers.

In most cities the demand for competing public utilities is forever stilled. Where there is not municipal ownership of utilities, there is State or municipal regulation. Competition has been found both wasteful and inconvenient, in the long run, as compared with regulation.

But even labor unions, railroads, and public utilities do not constitute the only exceptions to those lines in which it has been recognized that competition is better dead. To an increasing degree farmers' unions are being formed in restraint of trade; California citrus growers, Colorado and Oregon apple growers, Louisiana cane planters have formed trusts; there are increasing numbers of farmers' cooperative elevators, mills, and stores. And no politician has the hardihood to protest against these infractions of the law of free competition, or to urge the passage of legislative acts for their destruction. They have grown from the people's stern necessities; they have been found necessary correctives of some of the injustices that have grown up under the law of free competition.

CAN COMPETITION BE ENFORCED?

BUT, we are told, in the realm of Big Business there must be a restoration of free competition, else the nation will perish. And we are also told that Government regulation, as a substitute for the restoration of competition, is a matter of such infinite complexity that it is not to be thought of, and that it would destroy all initiative. But would regulation be any more complex, or more perplexing, or less possible of achieving,

than the decade-long and as yet abortive attempt to break up the big trusts into competing units? For all the time and all the money that have been spent in these efforts to enforce competition we have as results only such farces as the Standard Oil and Tobacco "dissolutions." And would there really be less initiative under Government-regulated trusts than there is now under trusts, in absolute control of all the great industries, and not regulated by the Government? It must be remembered that competition supplied the initiative that brought forth our present trust magnates. Do we want to breed more like them? Or do we prefer a type with less "initiative," perhaps, but more regard for the public welfare?

Is competition worth preserving, even if it could be restored? No one would restore it in labor, in the making of railroad rates, in the public utilities' field, nor where cooperation has taken its place in agriculture. Competition spawned the trusts. Government kept hands off, and the strongest survived. Competition is industrial war. International agreements may somewhat modify the barbarities of war, but it still remains, what it always has been, hell. And so Government may to an extent restrain some of the more vicious practices of our industrial war, but as long as real competition exists there will be such outbreaks, industrially, as there has just been in real war in the Balkans. For when we call upon the brute in man, the brute is sure to respond.

THE WASTES OF COMPETITION

AFTER all, competition isn't as rosy as its champions have painted it. Unrestrained competition leads to periods of overproduction, followed by periods of stagnation. That's bad for industry, for labor, for the community generally. Competition is frightfully wasteful in other ways. Take the retail grocery business, for instance, in which competition exists, at least in the striving for business by the grocers, if not in the cutting of prices. It has been conservatively estimated that from 20 to 30 per cent of the cost of foodstuffs is caused directly by our medieval methods of distribution—if, indeed, the Middle Ages knew anything so wasteful as this. And this

waste occurs in every town and city; there is no trust distribution of foodstuffs. How many millions annually could be saved in the cost of living if in each town the distribution of foodstuffs were scientifically carried on, from central stores, each delivery wagon having its own route, infringing on no other? What would be the saving in duplicated equipment, useless rent, advertising, and a hundred and one other items? And, as in the delivery of groceries, so of ice, of milk, of coal, of practically every other necessity of life.

And yet, with this big problem of distribution staring them in the face, our statesmen spend all their time and effort in revising the tariff, which will save pennies (if it finally saves anything) where this other would save dollars! And all that stands between us and a grapple with these really important problems is a blind faith in the outworn superstition that there is some inherent virtue in competition—in industrial war!

COOPERATION

SOME European nations have gone miles toward cooperation where we have gone feet. In France there are nearly 16,000 cooperative agricultural societies, in Germany 19,000, in little Denmark 2,100, in tiny Switzerland 3,000. Belgian labor is among the poorest paid in the world. Belgian workmen would starve if they wasted a tithe of what is wasted in the United States. The workers there have formed immense cooperative trading societies, the models for all the world. There were, in 1900, 199 such societies, with total sales of 43,288,867 francs, from which a profit was returned to the members of 4,678,559 francs. There are similar cooperative societies in England, Germany, and most European nations.

Governor McGovern of Wisconsin is one American executive who does not hesitate to face the future. He has proposed the enactment of a law creating a market commission, with powers over all business in that State similar to the powers exercised over utilities by the railroad commission. He would have the commission promote, "in the interest of the public, including producer and consumer alike, economical and efficient production and distribution of all commodities." And to this end he would have the State, through the commission, encourage the formation of cooperative societies, both by producers and consumers. He would have the commission regulate these societies and assist in their success by furnishing them with capable organizers, accountants, legal advisers, business managers. The usual cause for the failure of cooperative concerns in the United States is the ignorance or malfeasance of their promoters. State regulation would protect the members against both these causes of failure.

Isn't it about time for us in the United States to waken to the fact that unregulated and unrestricted competition is fast dying, and that it is best it should pass away, with all its frightful wastes, its bitter injustices, its tendency to develop man's selfishness at the expense of his social nature? Competition is dying, but only through some form of cooperation can the State secure the advantages of the savings of the new system, which now go almost wholly to the great trusts.

Should we not, then, turn our attention immediately to the work at hand, that of so regulating all business, small as well as great, that there shall be in it least waste, least injustice, the greatest possible service to the public need?



Sowing the Children—What Will the Harvest Be?

The Smileyville Experiment

By the Man Who Made It

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

EXCEPT for a few fictitious names, this is a narrative of facts—a chapter of autobiography by an editor in a Middle-Western country town. Nothing about it rings more true than its note of joyfulness. "Smileyville" is just the sort of place the editor of the "Express" says it is; and what he modestly describes as an "experiment" is the pride of the community.

THE day I broke into the newspaper game I lingered at the office after most of the reporters had gone. I fancied if I were on hand when something big turned up I, the cub, might get a chance to cover myself with glory. Big Bill Harvey, late-stay man on the city desk, sighting at me between his crossed and elevated feet, emitted a fat man's chuckle, and said:

"Son, do you know I'm a mind reader?"

"Not yet."

"Well, I'm it. I can tell just what you're planning to do in this business."

"I dare you."

"You think you're going to save up your money, and some time you're going to buy a paper in a little town with a big future, and grow with it, and become rich and independent?"

I was astonished. I hadn't told a soul. Bill's grin broadened.

"You're wondering how I know, are you?" he asked. "Well, I've only been in this business a little over twenty years, but I never knew a cub yet who didn't have that same scheme secreted up his sleeve. But with most of 'em it works out as it did with me—it doesn't. We all keep thinking we'll do it some time. But 'some time' means 'never,' son, unless right in the beginning a fellow starts working out plans to make it mean 'now.' Just feed on that thought awhile. There's a lot of nourishment in it if you can assimilate it."

Bill had struck my case exactly. I had that very idea about a little town with a big future. And I believed any well-located town would do—that any such town, no matter whether or not it were thriving then, could be made to grow and prosper and advance with the right kind of newspaper leadership. I had all the confidence of youth, too, that I could give it just that kind.

THE KNOCK OF OPPORTUNITY

BUT the longer I stayed on a metropolitan paper the further away I got from realizing that ambition. In the first place I failed to save any money. From the start I lived up to the top notch of my salary, and later a little ahead of it. When I was a cub I bought my clothes from haberdashers and paid cash. When I was getting three times the salary I started on I was running an account with a tailor, and often had to let my bills run two or three months. In spite of Bill's excellent advice, I kept putting off making a start.

The events which changed my course were wholly fortuitous. They began when my friend Cole was brought to the city to undergo a surgical operation. I had met Cole when covering a convention, and he was one of the men who made me envy country editors. He ran a county weekly in a little Mid-Western town. Rather, he owned the paper, and let it run itself. He spent most of his



"What, that house for \$15?" "That's the one."
"And the yard?" "Oh, we throw that in." I took it

time going about. In those days railroad passes were plentiful for editors and politicians, and Cole was both. He always was glad of an excuse to go, and so either was sent or went of his own accord to all sorts of conventions and gatherings. He was a big, fine-looking fellow, and the farther from home he got the more prominent he made himself. The importance and prosperity of his paper also increased with distance. When he was in Chicago it was clearing him \$300 a month. When he was in Washington it was netting him \$400, and was the most influential paper in the State. He never missed a chance to remark that the country editor is the freest, most independent mortal on earth, and he seemed to prove it. He was a fine fellow and good company, was Cole, but a great old pretender.

I visited Cole in the hospital frequently, and was there the day he died. Then I learned from his brother that he left practically nothing. A widower with no children, Cole's chief aim had been to be as much of a public man as he could. Pursuing that ambition, he had mortgaged his paper so heavily it was doubtful if his equity would pay outstanding bills. At the sheriff's sale, the brother said, it would not bring more than two or three hundred dollars. I had supposed Cole to be worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, so that the news shocked me; but it also gave me a sudden resolution.

I knew I could borrow \$1,000 without interest from a relative, and thought I saw the finger of Opportunity beckoning. A week after Cole's funeral I had made arrangements to buy his paper,

paying \$400 cash for his equity and assuming a mortgage for \$2,800, provided the proposal suited me after inspection of the plant. All my ideas of newspaper values and opportunities had been gained from my connection with a million-dollar concern, and this chance to own a real newspaper for such a small investment seemed to me too good to let slip.

ALIGHTING AT SMILEYVILLE

THEN I looked up Bill Harvey, city editor at last, and told him. Bill chuckled fatly, and said:

"No fool like a young fool."

"First time I knew you had a jealous disposition," I answered.

"Sure, that's it—jealous. Here you are, still a kid, only been on the paper seven years, and on the editorial staff already, all because you were born lucky and have a knack for jokes and verse and sharp paragraphs. Exchange editors are eating your stuff raw—some of it mighty raw—and some of it has even crossed the big water. Now you want to give up a little snap like that to go and raise moss on your back in Jayville-in-the-sticks—or is it on-the-Styx?"

So much for the consistency of advisers.

I got a leave of absence with the understanding that I would resign by wire if I bought the paper. My wife and I had decided I was to see what sort of apartment we could get before she forwarded our chattels. I had suggested a house, so the baby would have a yard to play in, but she was sure we couldn't afford a house, and also feared it would be very hard on us to get along without a janitor. So we settled on an apartment, and I wrote down instructions as to what sort of an apartment to look for, just how the bathroom must be located, and such details. Oh, we were beautifully "green!"

I never will forget the minute I stepped off the train at Smileyville. I felt like Martin Chuzzlewit when he landed at Eden. The station was a stout little box, but its one front window was so grimed that the only clear spot in it was where the glass was broken out. The wooden station platform was crowded with people who plainly were not there to meet anyone, but merely to see. The only alert-looking persons in sight were two negroes, one of whom stood in the door of an ancient bus and lustily bawled: "Pallus Ho-tel, Pallus Ho-tel." The other, a supple, pleasant-faced youth, glided forward, reached for my grip, and said:

"Anywhah in town, mistah—jes' a dime."

I asked how far it was to the office of the Smileyville "Express." For a moment he seemed puzzled. Then he said:

"Oh, de 'Ex-press.' It's right close."

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"Oh, de 'Ex-press.' It's right close."

Bent Bones Make Ugly Feet

ARE all your toes straight? Are you conscious of your feet? At the watering places—how many persons are painfully conscious of the looks of their feet—when they're uncovered?

Painfully conscious! Bent bones caused by narrow toed shoes are responsible for constant pain—burning, aching, unending foot misery.

Don't keep on jamming your feet into pointed shoes. Give your foot bones a square deal. Get rid of painful corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch.

Slip your feet into Educator Shoes—feel your toe-bones straighten out in relief. Rice & Hutchins Educators let children's feet grow as they should—quickly rid grown people's feet of all unnatural foot-troubles.

No more ugly feet—covered or uncovered! Rice & Hutchins Educators are good sense plus good looks!

Made handsome in the truest sense for men, women and children. The same good-looking shapes year after year so that your feet slide home in a new pair just like the old. Prices from \$1.35 for infants, to \$5.50 for men's specials.

Genuine Rice & Hutchins Educators have Educator branded on the sole. If your dealer does not keep them, write us for complete catalog and we'll see that you find a pair.

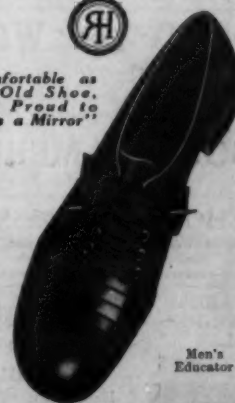
Be friendly with your feet. Ease your bent toe bones into Educators. Do this today and to-morrow you'll feel better.

Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE

"Let's the foot grow as it should"



"Comfortable as an Old Shoe. Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

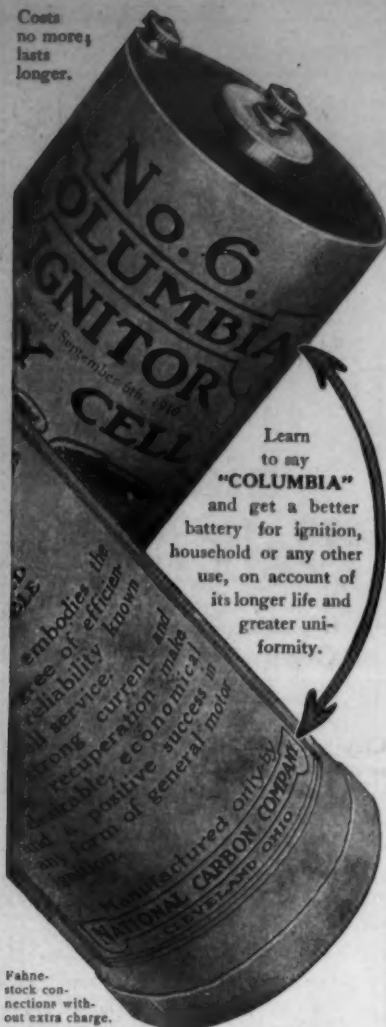


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SOAP

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street." As we walked up this street I had the pleasure of feeling I was making a sort of triumphal entry. In the doorway of every shop, shopkeepers and clerks were standing. They regarded me with frank curiosity, and as I gazed back, equally curious, they gave me friendly nods, and said: "Howdy." That welcome made me suddenly like the town, though otherwise it seemed dull and ugly enough to one who never before had even visited a rural community. Later I learned that the storekeepers went to their doors every time a train came in, and that every friendly-seeming stranger got the same welcome.

I MEET MY "STAFF"

WHEN we came to the little frame building on which a sign announced "The Express. Neat Job Printing," all my ideas of the majesty of the press dwindled. The building contained but one room, the editorial sanctum being divided from the part occupied by the type cases, imposing stones, presses, and gasoline engine by a railing. The force consisted of two girls sitting on tall stools before type cases, and a gaunt, apparently overworked man of about thirty who, with his back to the door, was "kicking off" dodgers at a small job press. The man stopped and hurried forward.

"This ain't Mr. Winston, is it?" he inquired.

I confessed.

"Glad to meet you, sir. My name's Hayden. I'm foreman here. I calculated to meet you at the station, but the train must have been on time to-day. Funny I didn't hear it come in, though. We don't usually show our visitors such discourtesy in Smileyville."

I learned that this man was and for several years had been the paper's printer-foreman, pressman, advertising and job-printing solicitor, and editor. And that was the way he ranked his duties. When there was mechanical work to be done he stayed "inside" and did it. When there was not he went out to solicit advertising and printing, and picked up news items incidentally. I learned with horror that practically all the editorials the paper published were furnished by a firm of patent lawyers in Washington. The rival paper, he assured me, got its editorials from the same source, as the lawyers furnished either Democratic or Republican matter, as desired. The papers paid for the service by running a plate advertisement for the lawyers. In campaign times, he told me, the national and State committees also sent out large quantities of similar matter, and few country editors took the trouble to write the political thunder for which their readers gave them credit. I could hardly believe him then, but now, after several years of experience and observation, I am not afraid to assert that the country editors of the United States do not write one-half of the editorials they publish as their own. There are thousands of notable exceptions, of course, but not enough to bring their average up to 50 per cent.

Smileyville, a town of 3,000 inhabitants, was the county seat of Finney County, with a population of 30,000. It was the largest town in the county, but there were four others with more than 1,000 inhabitants. Nine weekly newspapers were published in the county, none of which had a circulation of more than 1,500. All of them were conducted along practically the same lines as the "Express." Their editors felt it would be impossible to widen their fields materially, and their only hope to make a living was to devote most of their efforts to their job-printing business. They were, in fact, job printers who also published papers rather than editors who also operated job printeries.

I believed my training on a big paper with big ideas made me see the one big

chance all these little papers overlooked, and a big idea began to form in my mind. It was an idea I would have to keep under my hat awhile, until I knew the county better, but I believed it would work out. So I bought the paper.

That same day, on "the street," I was introduced to one of the town's two real-estate agents, and told him I wanted to rent an apartment.

"A what?" he asked incredulously.

"An apartment—about six rooms and ba—"

"You must think this is Noo York," he broke in. "Why, friend, there ain't an apartment in Finney County."

I was troubled, but presumed I would have to get a cottage then—a very modest cottage, but modern, of course. He smiled again.

"We ain't got many modern houses here yet. Our water and light plant was only put in a couple of years ago. But I can rent you a nice little house—nice yard—lots of fruit trees—nice garden—"

"I'm afraid that will be a little too steep for me," I broke in hurriedly. "What does it rent for?"

"Ten dollars."

I smiled and said that would hardly do. What did he have for thirty or thirty-five?

"You sure do think this is Noo York," he declared. "Why, there ain't a house in town would rent for more than twenty a month."

RENTING A PALACE

HE took me to see a house which would rent for \$15. As we walked out the beautifully shaded earth street, oiled and dragged so it was both smooth and dustless, I learned that the residence portions of a small town are much prettier than its business district. The poorest of the houses were pretty cottages. The best of them were roomy, homey, hospitable frame houses. Nearly all were painted white. All the yards were large, with many trees, so that all which met the eye was green and white, except where blossoming fruit trees formed a mist of color, or flowers sparkled out like illuminations. Soon we came to a place which made me halt in admiration. The yard was almost big enough for a baseball diamond, and magnificent trees shaded the thick, soft blue grass. A quaint, old-fashioned house, topped by a weather vane and a lightning rod, sat



"You're not rehired as foreman," I went on. "Hereafter you will be associate editor of the 'Express'."

a hundred feet back from the street, and behind it more than a score of fruit trees in bloom formed a background of indescribable loveliness.

"Like it?" asked the agent.

"It's the most beautiful spot I've ever seen," I declared.

"Well, that's your house."

"What, that house for \$15?"

"That's the one."

"And the yard?"

"Oh, we throw that in."

I took it. We always had lived in a coop in the city, and liked it. But I knew when my wife saw that princely

yard and inhaled that blossom-scented air, and realized our little boy would have all that space to run and climb and grow in, she would never want to let him go back from Mother Earth to Mother Asphalt.

GETTING OUT A REAL PAPER

A WEEK later the first issue of the "Express," under my management appeared, and I congratulated myself that never before had such a paper been published in that county. It was full of news, and the news was full of sparkle. Enthusiasm fairly illuminated it. It was published Thursday night, and would be distributed through the post office and on all the rural routes the next morning. The rival paper was published the same night, and when I compared the two my spirits rose even higher. The "Appeal" carried twice the advertising the "Express" did, but in every other particular it seemed far behind. It was a typical "jay" paper, the kind I often had laughed at when in the city, and the "Express" had scored a dozen scoops. I felt sure when the town merchants compared the two I would get more than my share of the advertising. And I felt equally confident that when the new "Express" got before the surprised and delighted eyes of the community a procession of new subscribers would start for the "Express" office. They would feel at last they had a paper to be proud of. I thought—a paper which would be a credit to the community anywhere—and would want to show their appreciation and give it encouragement at once. I had mailed 200 sample copies to persons not on our list whose names Hayden had given me, and was at the office before seven o'clock next morning to receive them, or their telephone orders.

But none came. All day I waited, but received no indication that anyone had noticed improvement in the paper.

LOSING SUBSCRIBERS

I WAS disappointed, but my confidence was undiminished. It would take a few weeks to wake them up, I concluded, but I could do it. So I set to work to make the next week's issue even better.

It was better, and the next one was better still, for I was learning more of the needs of the community. I was finding feature stories, too. I found an old and honest man who knew who struck

Billy Patterson.

When he was a young man attending school in Baltimore, he told me, he and a friend named Thomas A. Payne were walking down the street when the famous bully called out an insult to them. Instantly Payne struck him, knocking him down. Fearing arrest for street brawling, the young men fled, and pledged each other to secrecy. The story I wrote for the "Express," clearing up the mystery of who struck Billy Patterson, was taken up by the Associated Press and appeared in every important newspaper in the United States.

But things like that seemed to make no impression on Smileyville and Finney County. The

stampede to the "Express" had not started at the end of the first month, nor the second.

In the city, this lack of appreciation would have embittered me, but I could not feel bitter against these people I had come to live among. Having been a city man and nothing but a city man, I knew nothing of the ways of the great American people, and their kindly neighborliness and honest hospitality were a constant delight to me. Just as the friendly nods and "howdies" I received when I first walked up "the street" had pleased me, other things happened every day to make me grow fond of my new surroundings. Had I only been making a living I would have been perfectly happy. But I was steadily losing money, and when I checked up at the end of



Some record truck transactions

DURING the last six months, New York City—the most difficult, exacting, and oversolicited truck market in the world—has purchased over \$1,300,000.00 worth of Garford trucks. Listed below are the individual transactions made by the R. & L. Company, our eastern distributors. Over 66% of these sales are repeat orders.

Watson Contracting Co., Fordham, N. Y., <i>Before placing their last order this firm had 8 Garfords. This makes 18.</i>	10 five-ton Garfords	Piel Bros., Brewery, New York City, <i>Used one 5-ton Garford for a year, then discarded all other trucks.</i>	6 Garfords, various sizes
Texas Oil Co., New York City, <i>This firm now operates 17 Garfords.</i>	5 Garford Tank Trucks	Dayton Hedges, Contractor, N. Y. C., <i>Hedges selected the Garford because of the efficient service it gave dozens of other contractors.</i>	3 six-ton Garfords
New York Police Department, <i>Purchased 3 Garfords last May. Effected a saving over horses of \$19,000 a year. 10 more were ordered.</i>	10 Garford Patrol Wagons	F. L. Cranford, Inc., New York City, <i>In building the N. Y. Subways, Cranford is hauling 10 and 11 tons per load by means of Garford 4-wheel tractors.</i>	2 ten-ton Garford Tractors
New York Mail Co., New York City, <i>This firm handles the mails in New York City. They now have a total of 68 Garfords.</i>	8 three-ton Garfords	Public Service Corp., Newark, N. J., <i>Particularly where quick, efficient and faithful performance is required, like in the work of a public service corporation, the Garford is pre-eminently the dependable truck.</i>	2 two-ton Garfords
Pittsburgh Contracting Co., New York City, <i>This makes 7 Garfords purchased in 2 years for their Catskill Aqueduct job.</i>	2 six-ton Garfords	Farmers Feed Co., New York City, <i>After several years experimenting, the Garford is the final choice of this company.</i>	2 ten-ton Garford Tractors
Holbrook, Cabot & Rollins Corp. N. Y. C., <i>Used 2 Garfords for over a year on the Catskill Aqueduct.</i>	2 ten-ton Garford Tractors	D. W. Kaatz Milk Co., Brooklyn, <i>The first Garfords purchased some time ago must have been satisfactory.</i>	1 six-ton Garford
John Bell Co., New York City, <i>The Bell Company had one Garford in use a year before this order was given us.</i>	5 six-ton Garfords	Westchester Lighting Co., N. Y., <i>A year's use of a 3-ton Garford convinced this firm that they could use another just like it.</i>	1 three-ton Garford
Colwell Lead Company, New York City and Brooklyn, <i>This firm has used motor trucks for years. This order replaced all their other trucks.</i>	6 three-ton Garfords	Frazer & Burchenal, New York City, <i>In seeking the best truck for heavy contracting it was only logical to select the Garford.</i>	2 six-ton Garfords
Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, <i>Operated 3 Garfords for a year. Now have a total of 8.</i>	5 Garfords, various sizes	R. A. Fungler Motor Trucking Co., N. J., <i>This firm now has 6 Garford trucks—having replaced all their other makes.</i>	3 six-ton Garfords
Eastern Asphalt Paving Co., N. Y. C., <i>Engineers of this Company unanimously recommended the Garford as the most efficient.</i>	3 six-ton Garfords	L. Wertheim Coal & Coke Co., N. Y. C., <i>The first Garford was so satisfactory that a second one was immediately ordered.</i>	1 six-ton Garford
N. J. Ice Cream Co., Newark, N. J., <i>One Garford ordered last fall proved up so well that three more were purchased.</i>	3 three-ton Garfords	Monarch Auto Trucking Co., Brooklyn, <i>Used one Garford for a year in conjunction with several other trucks. Their repeat order is significant.</i>	2 six-ton Garfords
H. C. Bohack Grocery Co., Brooklyn, <i>This makes 5 Garfords purchased by this firm during the last two years.</i>	2 five-ton Garfords	Empire State Dairy, Brooklyn, <i>This is the third order within two years.</i>	1 ten-ton Garford Tractor
Cranford Co., Brooklyn, <i>After trying three different makes, the final choice of this company was the Garford.</i>	7 six-ton Garford Tractors	Peter Breidt Brewery, Elizabeth, N. J., <i>This is but another illustration of where the initial purchase was so satisfactory that the second order was placed without hesitation.</i>	2 five-ton Garfords
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Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Ingersoll have thrown some interesting light on this important subject and there is more to follow.

We should like, at this time, to receive frank expressions from our readers who have given serious thought to this question and who have ideas which they think might be helpful to others. We desire as many sidelights as possible and shall be very glad to hear from all concerned—Manufacturer, Dealer, and Consumer.

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Collier's Weekly

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the fourth month I found that the paper had lost a hundred subscribers, one-twelfth of its entire list!

It was after five o'clock one evening when I made this discovery. The girls had gone home, and I forgot about Hayden. My head was aching, and I gripped both hands in my hair. Hayden was passing out as I did this, but he stopped a moment, irresolute. Then I heard him say, half aloud:

"It's a damn shame."

"THE PERSONAL TOUCH"

I GOT an inspiration. I had smiled to myself whenever I glanced over back numbers of the "Express," at the kind of paper Hayden had put out. But suddenly it struck me he had managed the "Express" more successfully than I had, in spite of his many duties. So I turned to him frankly, and asked:

"Hayden, why is it?"

He smiled uneasily. It was plain he did not like to criticize me.

"Speak it out, man," I urged. "Things are getting desperate."

He sat down and leaned forward earnestly.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, Mr. Winston—you're too citified. Here in Smileyville we're all just folks. You're giving us the best paper we ever had, but it's a city paper, not the old-home paper. The personal touch counts more here than what you write or how you write it. For instance, look at Sam (the rival editor). He doesn't get out much paper. But when he meets a farmer on the street he shakes hands with him, asks him how's tricks and if the family are well. Then he puts it in his paper that Joe White, one of our prosperous farmers of near Cox Schoolhouse, was on our streets Saturday. You wouldn't call that worth printing—and it ain't. But all the same it tickles Joe White and Joe White's relatives to death, and next time Joe wants some horse bills printed he has Sam print 'em."

EVEN THE OBITUARY WAS WRONG

I SAW Hayden had been studying the case, so I told him to go on. He proceeded.

"For another instance, take old man Hicks. When he died last week you wrote up a brief but complete sketch of his life—had all the facts. And you headed it 'Jonathan Hicks Dead.' Sam, on the other hand, ran a long obituary written by Hicks's seventeen-year-old daughter, and signed 'A Friend.' And it was headed 'Gone to His Heavenly Home.'"

"And then there was the Horne-Coates wedding. Sam finished up his write up of that affair by saying: 'The 'Appeal' wishes this estimable young couple a long and prosperous journey through life'—and the 'Express' didn't say any such thing. People here in the country want a home paper that's a sort of family friend—and you wouldn't think much of a friend that didn't congratulate you when you got married, would you?"

It was a blow. The very features I took most pride in, the things I had felt confident would make the "Express" the most admired and most desired paper in the county, were hurting it. I could never hope to work out my big idea until the paper gained the complete friendship of these people. And how could it do that?

I FIRE AND REHIRE MY FOREMAN

AS I studied this problem, Hayden began to cough. He had been coughing a good deal lately, and it had worried me. But I shall always be glad he coughed just then, for it gave me an idea.

"Hayden," I said, "you're fired."

The poor fellow turned pale. He had a wife and two babies. I proceeded inexorably:

"You were reared on a farm near here, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir, till I was seventeen."

"And you know this county and its people pretty well?"

"Few better."

"Well, you need outdoor work, or that cough may get you. That's why you're fired."

"All right," he said quietly, rising. "But I'm sorry you took offense at what I said. I sincerely meant it for your good."

"I know it, my dear fellow," I replied, putting out a hand to detain him. "And that's why you're hired again."

He was bewildered.

"But you're not rehired as foreman," I went on. "Hereafter you will be associate editor of the 'Express.' Your name will fly with mine at the paper's masthead. We're going to run this sheet on the circuit-rider plan, and you are to be the circuit rider. I'm going to spend the last cent I have in bank, if it takes that much, to buy a good horse and buggy. You will take that rig and drive out every road leading into Smileyville, taking a different road every day in the week. You will stop to chat with every farmer you meet, learning all the crop news and stock news and neighborhood gossip. You will be one of them at their festivals and their funerals. You will visit them in their homes, always as a friend and a farmer, but keeping a keen eye out for new subscribers and business. You will turn in the kind of copy that will make them love this paper, and your copy, with a few ads, will fill two full pages every week. We must run this paper as we would a restaurant, old fellow, giving the people what they want and the way they want it."

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

THAT was five years ago. The circuit rider succeeded where I had failed, and helped me get in touch with the people, too. We have not had to lower the tone of the paper, but simply have made it more of a family friend. We have made the paper say the things which intimate association with our readers showed us would be the kindly things or the pleasant things, or would solace them in their sorrows.

Now the "Express" is issued from its own substantial brick building, for its prosperity, its influence, and its pay roll have largely increased. But it is no longer the weekly "Express." Acting on my theory that the news of a county of 35,000 inhabitants—ours has grown in these five years—can be gathered more easily, more thoroughly and cheaply than can the news of a town of equal population (for the reason that news sticks out more in the country than in a city), I established the daily "Express" a year ago, making it just such a paper as I would have established in a prosperous town of about 35,000. In each of the four news centers outside of Smileyville we have a well-paid man with no business but ours to attend to. With the aid of rural telephones, these men rake their districts for news every day, reporting every afternoon by mail and every night by telephone. Hayden also continues to hold us in close touch with the people, but his circuits are longer now, and often he is out a week at a time, reporting every other day by mail.

The paper is published every night in time to catch a midnight and an early morning mail, and is delivered on every rural route and in every town in the county next morning. It goes into nearly two-thirds of the homes in our county, and its combined circulation in the four adjoining counties is even larger than in the home county, for readers in those counties find in it much of local interest, besides its telegraph service. It has grown to be a power for good and for progress. Its readers not only feel proud of it, but feel genuine friendship and warm personal regard for its editors—which is reward enough.

I have been offered a nomination for Congress, which is equivalent to election. But I will not consider that. I feel I am doing far more good where I am than I could do in Washington. In fact, my big idea is succeeding.

"GLORIOUSLY WORTH WHILE"

BUT best of all to me is the life I lead. I love to live in a community where we "are all just folks"; where everyone knows everyone else and says "howdy" to everyone he meets; where everyone is sorry when anyone is sad or in trouble; where all of us are neighbors, as the people are in nearly all small communities; where the air is pure and sweet and the outlook is open and free; where there are no apartments and every house has a yard with trees and grass and flowers. I own my home now, and often as my wife and I sit in the big yard, watching our two children—for our family, too, has grown—romping with their dog on the grass, I turn to her and ask:

"So you think it was worth while to leave the city, dear?"

And she replies:

"Oh, gloriously worth while!"



SPLASH!

By CARL MOORE

Decorations by Noemi Ferness

CABLES from Paris report further reduction in the quantity of the feminine bathing suit. We are told of a two-piece affair: item one, a broad-rim hat; item two, a long silk sash wrapped several times about the body with a large knot at the front. Surely this must be the warm-weather dream of a press agent bent on enticing Americans to cross the Atlantic. But even if the story be true, this newest folly of fashion will never come over to annoy the censors of American bathing costumes. Clarice and Marie may appear at fashion-ridden French watering places in garb more eloquent of modiste than modesty, never intending to go near the ocean at all; but Clara and Mary, at Atlantic City or Galveston, heed public opinion in the matter of dress that they may seek the ocean unmolested for the actual purpose of getting into the water. At Newport, Coronado, or Golden Gate the American girl forsakes bridge, social duties, or the languorous spell of the semitropical climate to dive in the surf, break a swimming record, or play with the seals; and each time it is the sport itself which attracts her, and not any chance that may be afforded for vanity's display.

YOU perhaps entertain doubts about Gertie when she strolls along the water's edge at Coney Island. Her dark-blue suit is cut low fore and aft and completely out as to sleeves. Vanity



to share his lonely hearthstone; she loves bathing, that is all. The bandanna, with the fetching little ears just over her own, cannot protect her hair from a soaking that the surreptitious tango with Jimmy McGuire on the sand won't dry. Becky's mussed tangle will need an hour or so of warm sun. She does not mind that. Salt water may or may not be good for dandruff. Wet hair is part of the game.

CONSIDER the statuesque lady with Titian hair. Hers is nice hair and ought not to receive a ducking; she thoughtfully arranges matters so that it will not. The rest of her does get wet, and she is pleased to death about it. Water aids in the accumulation of lovely sunburn and delightful freckles. Is this vanity? Can she be vain while her handsome shoulder blades hurt like the toothache and her spotted nose would discourage an ambitious leopard or hyena?

Sue of the straw sunbonnet dotes on a beautiful tan; but think you she exposes her arms till they are a deep squaw color simply to attract attention to their shapeliness? Unworthy thought! The front and back of her waist are united by a series of little straps over the shoulders. In evening dress next fall her upper arm will look like a ladder, but that, too, is only part of the game. She knows full well some nice man, seeking after paradise in her eyes, will lead her to a cozy corner away from the dancers and call those milky little lines

the rungs of Jacob's ladder, which, as you may remember, reached to heaven. Besides, when one tires of being part zebra, the corner drug store sells something warranted to remove tan effectually and at the same time leave quite a lot of skin.

Undeniably, the bathing girl is perfectly aware of man's presence at the shore. She will let the omnipresent eccentric comedian splash brine into her eyes or pour down her neck handfuls of nice beach sand, so white and clean and full of cigarette butts and peanut shells. She giggles and squirms with delight when he roguishly tickles her soles. She will even "spoon" with him a bit—habit is hard to overcome, you know. Nevertheless man is not essential. She bathes because she loves to bathe. It is the sport that counts, not Vanity Fair's display.



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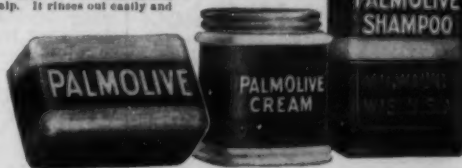
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"They forgot me too—Denny—they forgot me too."

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Common or Garden Earth

(Continued from page 6)

were each good and great and highly desirable things, but he preferred them separate.

"They don't mix," said he, "so we'll divide them this time. You can have the war all to yourself, Blake, and I'll—He flushed under his copper skin and added gravely, for he made and took no jests on the subject of his amazing happiness: "It's a long time since I've seen Kentucky—I'll take a trip home."

"Oh, you ought to take medicine, Marie."

"Take a rest—"

"Take a drink—"

"Man, I tell you—"

"Show me the chief of these tin-pot Makalikas who has got the gall to fight—"

"Why, you've got nerve to clear out—"

THEY clamored and jeered about him, but he remained cool. His personal courage was too well known for any doubt of it. He had more than earned his laurels as the most daring of scouts in the Matabele trouble of 1893 and many another "little war," and could afford, if so inclined, to trim himself from top to toe with white feathers without likelihood of being misunderstood. So he left them to wrangle it out among themselves, and it being after dinner and a whole three hours and a half since he last saw Diane, he went to call on her at the house of Mrs. Tony Greville, and Boston, as usual, slouched beside him.

Now Boston as a dog and a gentleman deserves a few words to himself. He was a large, dust-colored bull terrier which Hammond had raised from puppyhood, and in whose muscular carcass the man had by rigid training developed many of his own physical characteristics—that is to say, though Boston was of large, ungainly build, and always appeared to founder rather than to walk, he was really as speedy as a greyhound, brave as a lion, and as silent in his movements as Fate herself. He could track down anything and scout with the best man in the country (who happened to be his master), but he spent most of his time tracking that same master; for it was one of the practical jokes and never-falling joys of Salisbury to hide Hammond from his dog. Boston would go through fire and water to regain his love—even the great ice barrier wouldn't have stopped him long—but the moment he had Hammond in sight he would assume an air of cynical indifference, and with his hands in his pocket, so to speak, lounge up and sling himself down with a weary air, as though he'd given up all idea of finding what he was searching for—certainly not Hammond at all! As for Hammond, he loved his dog as he loved few men; it is doubtful whether if asked to choose between Boston and his best friend for company in exile he would have chosen the man.

KNOWING full well for what destination his master was now bound, Boston presently went ahead, and before Hammond had reached the house of Tony Greville, where Miss Heywood was staying, because Tony Greville was Jack Heywood's best friend, Boston had returned to report that Miss Heywood was not in her usual place on the veranda. Neither was she in the drawing room; and search by the servants found her absent from her bedroom. It was only when Boston set his blunt nose toward the Gymkhana ground that Mrs. Greville remembered to have seen Diane strolling off in that direction directly after dinner.

"She's not quite herself this evening, I think, Marie. There were a lot of women here when she got in from her ride with you, and I fancy she overheard something she didn't like. That wretched little gossip, Mrs. Skeffington Smythe, was here."

Mrs. Greville looked a little anxiously into his face, and the hard, blue eyes looked back unflinchingly, but as he walked swiftly in the direction of the Gymkhana ground, alone and with his mask off, his face showed signs of strain.

THE night under a rising moon was clear as crystal, and he had no difficulty in descrying Diane's figure across the course where he and she since their engagement was announced (escaping for a little while from an army of friends)

often walked in the evenings. Some of their dearest moments had been passed sitting where she now sat on the pile of heavy timber by the grand stand.

BOSTON arrived before his master, sprawled at Diane's feet, as she was gazing before her at the moonlight coming up in waves from the horizon, flooding all the land with cold, silver light. Something colder than the moonlight gripped the man's heart for a moment, but he held out his hands to her and spoke her name as though he had nothing to fear. She stood up quickly and put out her hands, too—but with a difference; in her gesture there was a subtle suggestion of defense, of warding off something—and when he would have taken them in his she drew back.

"No, Marie—not yet—there is something you must tell me—"

He stared at her. She was deadly pale, but the moon itself was not more composed, and her eyes had the same steady glance as his own. Her question was spoken in a very low voice:

"Were you ever in love with—another man's wife?"

His face darkened. Prepared as he was, the unexpected form of her question took him unawares. He had anticipated something to which he could give a firm, clear denial—but to this, what could he say, who had so much on his conscience!

"You—listening to scandal, Diane!" he said at last, and the reproach in his voice reached home. She faltered a moment, not answering at once, and they stood looking at each other, less like lovers than two duelists measuring each other's strength.

"I will believe anything you tell me, Marie," she said gently at last; "I ask nothing better than to hear that it is only scandal."

HE could not afford to hesitate any longer.

"If you are referring to my friendship with Mrs. de Rivas, I may say that in that at least I am innocent. Her husband neglected her; I was sorry for her; our so-called friendship was a concerted plan to bring him to his senses, and it worked like magic. They are now extremely happy."

But he had waked something new in Diane Heywood; she looked into his eyes with the cold curiosity of a child.

"Why should your friendship be so terrible a thing for a woman? Why should it bring a man to his senses?"

"Oh, dearest!—for God's sake don't ask questions the answers to which will only hurt you!"

"But I must know, Maryon," she said proudly. "I have never lived among lies and shadows. Everything must be clear and clean about me. If you are innocent in this matter—of what is it that you are guilty?"

The mad longing of the unshriven soul for confession swept over him then. He, too, would have all clear and clean about him for once and all, cost what it might.

"Oh, just of being a blackguard," he said, and all the pent-up bitterness and self-mockery and self-loathing of years came out in the low-spoken words. "Just of being a scoundrel and a coward as far as women are concerned—of robbing, looting—taking all and giving nothing—playing pirate and cutthroat in the great game, careless of what anyone suffered."

"You," she whispered. "You whom I have looked upon as a knight of chivalry—a Galahad—all that was fine and noble!"

"Diane, I have never pretended to be any of these things—never wanted you to believe it—I am only common earth—common or garden earth. But such as I am I love you—I ask you to take me with all my sins."

THERE was a long silence. "But why, Maryon? What changed you from the man God meant you to be to this?"

She loved him. For all her wounded pride and anger and horror, for all his black sins; she loved him, as women will love through everything, in spite of everything; and she longed for some word of extenuation that would justify the forgiveness she could not withhold.

"I loved a woman years ago and she was faithless. She left me for another

\$7500 for Short Stories

With a view to securing for Collier's not only the best work of already famous story-tellers, but to encourage and develop younger writers in the field of fiction, the Editor offers \$7,500 in prizes for the ten best original short stories mailed on or before September 1, 1913.

Collier's is seeking talent, power, grace, humor, character, fancy and feeling;—not any special brand of story.

Send for the circular setting forth more fully the hopes and wishes that inspire this contest.

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Stories may be of any length whatever, from the very shortest up to 12,000 words. The preferable length for us in general is from 5,000 to 7,000 words, but this will have no bearing on the awards.

As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase as many of the unsuccessful manuscripts as seem suitable for publication.

All manuscripts must be mailed on or before September 1, 1913.

Prizes will be awarded immediately after the judges have rendered their decisions.

The copyright of prize-winning and accepted stories is to vest in Collier's Weekly. After the competition is closed, dramatic and book rights will be released to authors on request.

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For full explanation of the Contest, send a postal today addressed to

SHORT-STORY CONTEST
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
414 WEST 13TH STREET, NEW YORK

man. My wife ran away with my best friend."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. Oh, I meant to tell you everything before you married me, Diane—only I was putting it off as long as possible. I left America because of that and came out to this country. Then one day, after many years, I found myself up here living next door to the very man and woman who had been false to me—for whose sake I had been divorced in America so that they might marry and be happy."

"Divorced?"

"And they weren't happy after all. She loved him, but he was neglecting her, and she turned to me again for help. I found a kind of cynical amusement in helping her out. So there you have the whole story, Diane—not a pretty one. God knows, but in this instance not a guilty one as far as I am concerned."

BUT the girl stood staring at him, one word on her lips, "Divorced?"

"You must believe that I meant to conceal nothing from you, Diane. I have already spoken to De Rivas and his wife and told them that you must know—though no one else need ever suspect. And if you choose it, if you will still take me in spite of my sins—and, darling, I believe you will—we'll get out of this country and go back to my own—"

"But, Maryon," she broke in despairingly, "you do not seem to understand that this ends everything between us. I am a Catholic—do you not realize?"

"A Catholic? I don't care what you are."

"But don't you know that we do not recognize divorce—that in my eyes you

are still her husband—will be her husband until one of you dies?"

IT was he who stood now staring and stammering.

"You would let your religion come between us—separate us?"

"Oh, Maryon—my religion is *me*—it is what I feel myself—it is deep in me. One cannot escape from what one has felt and believed all one's life."

"But the thing is impossible," he cried wildly, fiercely. "I cannot lose you. You must leave your religion—what does a good woman want with religion? Our love shall be your religion—I will be your religion—I will never let you go."

"Hush, Marie, you don't know what you are saying," she said gently. "We must part. I can never, never marry you."

And despite her gentleness she stood like rock against the battering of his words, though he reasoned, pleaded, begged, even cursed, in his pain and wrath. Her heart turned to water. She was sick with love and pity for him, but for nothing he could say would she contemplate treachery to her faith, her people, her life-long principles. Not so does the Catholic Church train its daughters against the hour of temptation.

WHEN at last, in the bitter madness of defeat and loss, he caught and crushed her in his arms, kissing her savagely, she stayed silent, too proud to struggle in those iron arms, but cold, cold as snow; until at last the cold purity of her penetrated him like a lance of ice, piercing his heart.

"Forgive me!—forgive me, Diane—I am a brute—I am mad!" he muttered, and stumbled away into the night.

END OF PART I

Children of the Feudists

(Concluded from page 8)

unless the mountains have more money; and whatever money comes must be wrung out of the land. The cattle buyers who ride far back into the mountains every year tell Frost that Berea has raised the price of farm land for at least 100 miles around.

HE TEACHES THEM ARTS, CRAFTS, AND REVERENCE

HE has taught the girls home making. Let darkness overtake you anywhere in the mountains and look about for a place to stop. You will pick out the best-looking house in the district naturally, the house that has windowpanes instead of a jagged hole, the house with a porch vine covered, the house that proclaims itself neat and comfortable. Ride up to the door and ask for your lodging—hospitality is never refused in the mountains—and you will find inside, nine times out of ten, a ruddy-faced girl who one year went to Berea and learned what it means to make a home.

He has taught them carpentry and printing, horseshoeing and business administration, bricklaying and newspaper reporting. In one of the most progressive towns in the mountains you will find a local newspaper owned and edited by one Berea graduate, a bank presided over by another, a Berea doctor, two Berea lawyers and a preacher, and four leading merchants, all of them Berea trained.

He has taught them a larger reverence for law and order. One afternoon a strong young man rode into the main street of Berea and stopped before a physician's office. "I just dropped in, doc, to have you dig a little buckshot out of my carcass."

"Where'd you collect it?" asked the physician.

"Huntin' moonshiners; you know, I'm in the revenue service up in our country, and we're goin' to have every moonshiner cleaned out of it before my term is up, you can depend on that."

Four years before, when Frost had pointed out to that young man that to make moonshine whisky in defiance of the Government was an actual moral wrong, the information had come to him with the shock of something entirely new and unheard of.

ARE THEY POOR WHITE TRASH?

HE has taught them to teach. In the four counties that touch the border of Berea's own county the superintendent

of schools have been Berea students almost every year for a long time. Practically all the teachers are Berea trained. Back farther in the mountains, in scores and hundreds of little hamlets, you find a miniature Berea under the charge of a Berea student, who is remaking the children of that community after the pattern that Frost has set.

And he has taught them a new respect for themselves, and the world a new respect for them.

This story started out to tell one reason why Breathitt is no longer Bloody Breathitt, why moonshining and lawlessness and ignorance and apathy are fading out of the mountains. Perhaps you understand better now why that is so, but that is only a part of the real story. Unless you can catch something of the vision of the mountaineers, as Frost sees them, unless it has made you hate, as he hates, the term "poor white trash," as applied to the mountaineers of Kentucky, the story has been badly told.

Poor they are—miserably so; and white, at least after Berea finishes with them. But trash—listen.

Years before the farmers of Massachusetts gathered at Lexington to fire the shot heard round the world, a band of 2,000 mountaineers rallied in North Carolina to resist the unjust demands of the royal governor, Tryon. All day long they fought against the well-trained British troops in defense of the principle that taxation without representation is tyranny; and when at last their ammunition was exhausted and they were driven back they left 200 of their dead upon the field. You have heard a great deal of the men of Lexington and Concord, but the battle that the men of the mountains fought at Alamance—did you ever hear it mentioned?

The Revolution came, Cornwallis was marching through the South unchecked and apparently unchecked. Each day seemed to make the failure of the American cause more sure. Then the unexpected happened. At King's Mountain a band of mountaineers, armed with their long guns and marshaled by their own leaders, charged upon him and administered a costly defeat, which opened the way for Yorktown and the final surrender.

The men who served at Yorktown became fathers of their country, but the

mountaineers slipped back quietly into their log cabins and were forgotten.

"SECEDED FROM SECESSION"

ON the War of 1812 was a glorious one, but the American land forces suffered one defeat after another. Only one battle ended in victory: at New Orleans, behind the cotton bales, a band of mountaineers rallied under Andy Jackson and drove the British forces before them.

Andy Jackson became President, but the simple mountain folk who had stood behind those cotton bales with him dropped back into the mountains as quietly and unpretentiously as they had come. And again they were forgotten.

Who won the Civil War? The men of the North: yes. But how about the mountaineers who "seceded from secession," who tore West Virginia away from Virginia, kept Kentucky true to the Union, and made Tennessee debatable ground throughout the four years? Both armies marched back and forth across their counties, shot their pigs, trampled their cornfields, and abused their wives and children. The armies could do it with impunity: no men were left in the mountains. They had gone, 50,000, 75,000, 150,000—think of it—into the Union ranks.

Figures and Farming

CHARLESTON, ILL.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN COLLIER'S I read an article on "The City Man on the Farm," in which was displayed such an array of figures as was calculated to discourage and frighten any man with small means, limited scientific knowledge of soils, fertilizers, and plant life, and little experience, till he would turn his back forever on the most independent, lucrative, and delightful occupation a family can follow that has any agricultural bent. I think I can paint a rough picture that looks more encouraging.

I WAS a preacher, and as years began to tell their story I thought I saw a trend in the pews that warned me of serious consequences, so I took time by the forelock and changed my relation. I had been raised on a farm, and in casting about for an occupation to earn a livelihood I naturally turned to the Egyptian fleshpots of the farm, although I knew absolutely nothing about so-called "scientific farming." I knew nothing of the elements of fertility in the soil by name or otherwise. My experience had taught me that what we got by farming we got by main strength and common sense. Black prairie lands were selling in our locality for \$200 per acre. Our little fund of savings wouldn't go very far in that direction, so I sought in the timber lands, and found a small farm of forty acres for sale on easy terms at \$60 per acre. The buildings were common, but good of the kind, and the place was in a fair state of cultivation, with lots of fruit. So I closed the deal, and, after making the first payment, we had a few hundred dollars left, and this is what I did, with the following results:

I ATTENDED public sales, common in late winter, and bought a blind mare, in foal, for \$65; an aged mare, in foal, for \$85; two cows, one for \$45 and one for \$57. I got two young sows for \$22; an old wagon, \$10; a set of harness and a breaking plow, \$5; a cultivator, \$4.50; an old surrey, \$10; and some pitchforks, garden tools, etc., for nearly nothing; 100 bushels of corn, 55 cents per bushel, and a ton of second-class hay for \$8. In addition to all this I had other perquisites necessary to successful farming in a son twelve years old, a daughter seventeen, and a good wife.

We moved to our new home about March 1, and all hands went to work, for there was plenty to do: there always is on a farm. My wife got five dozen hens of a neighbor in some sort of a woman's deal, and she and my daughter got all the vegetable and flower seeds they wanted in like manner, mostly as a gift.

The farm had been properly rotated, and we had ten acres of clover, which we broke for corn; ten acres of corn stalks we sowed in oats and clover; ten acres of meadow; five acres of pasture; two acres of truck patch, and about

Suppose those 150,000 men had gone into the Southern army, making a difference of 300,000 in the Union cause. The mountaineers asked no reward and they received none; they saved the Union, and again we let them be forgotten. It is this story that Frost knows better than anyone else and has been telling for twenty-one years to the world beyond the Gap.

"LINCOLNS IN THE ROUGH"

YOU have thought of the boys and girls of the mountains merely as the children of the feudists and moonshiners; he thinks of them as the sons and daughters of heroes. He knows what stuff they are made of. His little college in the mountains he regards as the biggest thing in American education. No other college can turn out an enlightened American citizen for so little money. No other is furnished crude material in the form of "Lincolns in the rough."

"Lincolns in the rough," you say; "Isn't that a little strong? To be sure he was a Kentuckian and a mountaineer, but then Lincoln was different."

"Sure he was different," answers Frost; "and this was the first difference. The mothers of all the other mountain boys had no books; his mother had six."

three acres in yard lots, garden, orchard, etc.

We planted the truck patch in potatoes and most of the garden in onions.

We all worked to the best advantage to each. My daughter cared for the chickens, my wife took charge of the milk and butter making. The boy liked to plow, and I was busy doing what was left. We kept no books, charged no field with seed, manure, or labor, nor gave credits for grain or products. We all put in our time, hired no help, but exchanged with the neighbors in harvest time, and this is what we cashed out the first season:

9 crates strawberries.....	\$ 27.00
5 crates cherries.....	12.50
3 crates currants.....	9.00
3 crates gooseberries.....	7.50
75 bu. peaches.....	85.00
125 bu. apples.....	93.75
550 bu. corn @ 50c.....	275.00
350 bu. oats @ 35c.....	122.50
15 tons hay.....	150.00
200 doz. eggs @ 20c.....	40.00
55 doz. eggs @ 25c.....	13.75
20 doz. chickens.....	72.00
560 lb. butter.....	140.00
19 bu. onions.....	15.20
145 bu. potatoes.....	108.75
15 shoats.....	90.00
2 calves.....	42.50
2 colts.....	130.00
Total.....	\$1,434.45

Besides, we have:

5 tons of oat straw.....	\$ 25.00
100 stacks of shredded fodder.....	30.00
5 loads of pumpkins.....	5.00
50 bu. turnips.....	10.00
10 fall pigs.....	20.00
3 acres of cowpeas, winter forage.....	20.00
40 chickens.....	12.00
Total.....	\$122.00

We had all the butter, eggs, chickens, fruit, and vegetables we wanted to eat and stores for next year, and we still have all the stock we began with. Our neighbors treat us on a level; we go to a country church every Sunday and are recognized as an equal, socially, intellectually, and religiously, if not financially, which is more than dollars to a preacher who has been used to leading among men. My son attends the district school; my daughter teaches in a neighboring school at \$45 per month, and we are happy in our new environment.

NOW, what we have done any ordinary family can do, and I advise hundreds of families, who can do thus well and ten times as well as they are doing in the crowded cities, to move and get the children out in the open, where they will have a chance to grow up into the fullness of the stature of good men and women, and make themselves useful in the world.

GEORGE WATSON.

BOOKS



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"The Sinful Six"

(Continued from page 17)

Manners recalled Captain Ashton's words as he looked at the half-dozing figure at the table. "Huh! Loaded to the guards, eh? Well, he's worse than that; his rails is all awash."

"Yes, sir," he said loudly, and the other sat up with a start.

"Lo, waiter. Oh, yesh! You're the good-looking waiter I always get. I saysh to M-M-Max-Maxmums, I saysh, that waiter's fine feller; dam fine feller—you oughta raise shalery, yesh."

"Little whisky, straight?" suggested Manners helpfully.

"Oh, yesh! Yesh! Make it slarge fat one, waiter, and oh, waiter, hurry back!"

NEEDLESS to say, Manners did so, and the tray that the bar checker passed contained two drinks of whisky, two crystal-clear chasers, and the sum that he stamped on the checks in the hands of the humble waiter was the price of just two drinks of the best liquor the house afforded.

Manners set one before the inebriated gentleman and took the other himself. "Here's to your very good health—an' I hope you choke," he said, smiling.

The inebriated one said: "Many shanks; shame to you," and swallowed the contents of the glass at one gulp.

"Bring us snother—two snothers, an' hurry back!"

Manners brought four more, and he ran every step both ways.

This time his toast would not bear repeating and was received with even better grace, and another round and another toast went the same way, with the trifling difference that Manners's own drink was only ginger ale.

"Bring us snother. No. Wait minute. Don't want snother; gotta go; mush go. Bring me check."

Manners sprinted to the cashier to get a blue-pencilled total and sprinted back, wondering how he was going to put recollection of the other unpaid check into that muddled head.

"Anyway," he consoled himself as he opened the door again, "I got a few drinks out of him; that's somethin'."

HE put the check down before his guest, and since such a small thing as his attitude mattered very little now, and he was tired, he slipped his hand into his pocket. His fingers closed over the dollar he had found just at the instant the other thrust his hand into his own pocket and pulled out a shining twenty-dollar gold piece, which he flung onto the check, reaching for the until-now-neglected chaser.

Quick as thought, Manners picked up the coin and check, substituted his own silver dollar, pocketed the gold, and laughed loudly. "Pardon me, sir, your check is a dollar and a half." Manners put the check down again with the dollar upon its face.

"That's all right; yesh. I gave you twenty dollars; take it out of zat," quoth he who was all awash.

"Pardon me. This is one dollar. One silver dollar, mister."

"Wha'?" The coin was seized and examined.

"You're ri', m'boy. Thought I had twenty-dollar gold piece. Course I did! I—"

He pulled out a handful of small change and laboriously examined it, piece by piece.

"Tben't here! Gone! What d'ye think of zat? Where's gone? I know—hackman! Yesh, give hackman dollar; wasn't dollar; wash twenty. Mush fin' hackle—quick! Goo'-by." And he was making for the door.

MANNERS cut off the retreat, however, and remained planted as firmly as Gibraltar until a two-dollar bill was produced and the change generously left for him to keep.

"Now, me for Maloney's an' the party," he chuckled gleefully. "I guess I'm a robber—oh, you robber!" he thought as he watched his victim marking out a devious and involved course through the hall. "You would skin me out of a ten-dollar check, would you? Well, that little deal cost you just fifty. Honesty is sure the best policy. If you had been square with me, I'd have been square with you. Say, I wonder who this twenty dollars really belongs to? You're such a thief, with your crooked deals, there's no tellin' what poor old guy worked for this."

Manners tucked the shining coin carefully away at the bottom of his pocket and then left the building to hie himself as fast as his long legs could carry him down the lane, around the turn, and into the rookery, where Maloney and Frawley kept hilarious bachelor's hall.

He found that the others had only just arrived, having made several time-consuming stops on the way. They were all in the best of humor, and the laughter mounted to the stars as they took off their hats.

They still wore their short jackets and stiff shirt bosoms, and with one accord they waited until Maloney had lit the gas stove and put the kettle on to boil. Then they gathered around the table and proceeded to disgorge the contents of their pockets.

A knife, fork, and spoon were stuck into the belt beneath the dickey of each man. These made their appearance first.

Pepper, salt, mustard, sugar, all the seasonings for the salad, tied up in fragments of Maxmum's best napkins, freshly torn for the purpose, came out of Fitch's inside trousers pocket (a special arrangement of his own, by the way), while from the other two obvious trousers pockets came hearts of lettuce, telescoped, of course, but still crisp and appetizing when once turned out of their protecting shroud of napkin and plunged into water, and from two enormous rubber-lined pockets in his jacket, beginning at the facing and extending to the under-arm seams, came two first-quality porterhouses, filched from Maxmum's butcher in the twinkling of an eye, secreted, and conveyed hither unharmed—a little warm perhaps, but that was a fault soon corrected.

BUTTERFIELD had four whole tomatoes, a lemon skin full of chopped onion filched from four orders of caviar, six hearts of celery, fourteen radishes, seven slices of cucumbers, and two quarters of eggs—all in one pocket. These, he explained, were for the salad. The oil and vinegar for same came out of two



"Hully gee! It'll sure feel fine to have a good feed once more. Me'n' Butterfield's got three steaks, fine big boys"



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vials reposing in the change pocket of his jacket.

The flask containing the combined, if unconscious, donations of the whisky-drinking guests of Maxmum's, served by "The Sinful Six," reposed behind Butterfield's immaculate ditty, and it spoke well for his poise that he could safely carry it there long enough to get it out of the house, a feat he could be relied upon to achieve every time. He also had concealed about him enough bread and butter to supply the crowd.

Maloney produced half of a fried chicken, a fillet of sole, a handful of olives, and a wad of Roquefort cheese.

FRAWLEY had a baked potato, which was promptly thrown at his head, but he redeemed himself by bringing to light a steak and some artichokes from his rubber-lined pockets, and some cake for Gresh's sweet tooth. Gresh himself had no luck at all as a forager, but there was ample food for all, and he produced cigarettes from his own private store, though there was a discussion as to whether he ought to be allowed to contribute anything he had actually paid real money for.

"This here feed is a tin roof," remarked Butterfield while he broiled the steaks like the artist he was; "a tin roof's on the house, only the house don't know it."

All through the meal Manners indulged in fits of silence. Finally, when the battered scraps that Maloney honored with the name of dishes had been cleared away for the game, Frawley demanded what was troubling him, and was echoed with such vehemence by the rest that he finally said: "Fellers, I had a grouch all day long, an', believe me, it wasn't no joyful thing, but this here disease what I'm sufferin' from now is a blame sight worse. I have got a bad case of conscience, I guess."

He looked gloomily at the table, and Gresh, misunderstanding, began to justify their wholesale methods of relieving the Maxmum kitchens.

"No, nothin' like that bothers me. Anythin' we get from Maxmum's we earn all right, seein' the rotten slops they give us to eat. No, that ain't it—" He stopped short.

"Get it off your chest," advised Butterfield. "Whatcha pinched?"

"Aw, I'm a darn fool! Let's get the game goin'." Manners's mood changed abruptly. The rest felt relieved, for among "The Sinful Six" things pertaining to the soul were rarely spoken of.

Maloney opened a brand-new deck, passed the cards to Frawley at his side, who, with the lightest and deftest of fingers, proceeded to shuffle; then the cards were cut and the first hand dealt.

Maloney was about to open when Manners suddenly flung down his cards and drew out the twenty-dollar gold piece. "Gee! I can't do it, fellers. I guess you have heard of tainted money—well, here's some. It's so blame tainted it stinks in my pocket, an' I'm goin' to take the taint off'n it fer good."

"Maloney, get me an envelope an' a piece of paper an' a stamp. I got a pencil."

"You crazy mutt, what's the matter with you? You're getting buggy," remarked Maloney, but he produced the desired articles and joined the fascinated group that was watching Manners.

The envelope luckily was of heavy paper. Manners affixed the stamp with great care and painstakingly addressed it to Jack Carson. Upon a battered scrap of wrapping paper he scrawled:

Get the kid what he needs with this, and good luck. FROM A WELL-WISHER.

The golden coin was inclosed in this, thrust into the envelope, and the whole sealed. Manners put on his hat and left the room. He turned back a step from the door, and asked Butterfield and Frawley to come with him. "I'm such a blame fool I need guardians," he explained.

SWEARING in a puzzled and almost anxious way, they did so, and a few moments later returned. Manners's light spirits had come back, and when he sat down to the table and picked up his cards, he seemed actually joyful.

"I won't turn a card until I know what this is all about," declared Maloney, so Manners explained.

"I just flimflammed that twenty out of the guy that did me out of the ten-dollar check that I was beefin' about, but he's such a dirty thief an' got so much dough out of them poor suckers what lost every dollar they had in that rotten minin' deal of his that I couldn't get no fun out of spendin' none of their money. I just now sent it to Jack Carson's kid. He got kicked mighty near to death. You know; I told you, Gresh. Carson is down on his luck, an' say! A finer feller never lived, but he's broke. That guy will use the twenty to make his kid comfortable; maybe it'll help save his life—" Manners shuffled his cards in modest embarrassment.

"Say," he said suddenly. "Say! That money is so tainted that I'll bet you it will burn a hole in the envelope, but if it don't—then I guess maybe some of the taint's gone an' it's right that the poor kid gets it."

"Somebody lend me a five spot; I'm flat busted, but I feel better, since I poked that blood money into the letter box an' Frawley and Butterfield seen me do it."

The Aisles of Trade

(Continued from page 29)

training must be to get that alertness of mind so necessary to a business which deals first, last, and always with human nature, and on the side, deals with merchandise.

I began my work in Boston as welfare secretary before there was any name for it. A well-known merchant, Mr. Edward A. Filene, had conceived the idea of establishing some one as an intermediary between the house and its employees, an idea since become the basic principle of the welfare secretary movement in stores, factories, and mills. The object was to unite both employee and employer more closely in mutual interest, to make each more truly comprehend the needs of the other. I had recently graduated from a law school, with a special interest in the progress of women, and Mr. Filene and his brother, Mr. A. Lincoln Filene, induced me to try their new idea. I said I would join them for a month to see the possibilities in it and in me for it. The month never closed for me, so fascinated did I become with the widening outlook.

I WAS in the midst of life, rushing, throbbing human life. As a factor in life for life, the retail worker must, as it were, be developed on the run. And this development implied exactly those qualities which make an all-round man or woman, no less. To distribute the goods which commerce makes means to convince the human race of its merits. The best saleswoman or salesman puts mind and heart into willing service to another, and this exercises the great

trinity, faith, hope, and love, and each in no small measure!

Remember, I said exercises. None of them have become saints yet. So the growth of efficiency plans—the word efficiency had not become the vogue then—was forced by the very problems that sought me.

MAGGIE MAGUIRE comes crying to me saying the head of her department "nags" her. Why, certainly he does, Maggie. You annoy him to distraction. You are untidy. ("But mother don't think so.") You can't do fractions and you make mistakes with your sales checks. ("I get nervous.") And you ask a customer how much she wants to pay. Unpardonable. ("But I didn't know I shouldn't.") But, Maggie, child, you are anxious and that's a good sign; anxiety is interest in germ. (Maggie doesn't know what germ means, but she picks up for I have told her she is something, instead of that she isn't.)

There's much to be done with Maggie, but if you dismiss her in the accustomed way, you will only get another Maggie in her place.

Eva Gottlieb approaches my desk in angry dignity. There's a girl near her, she says, who is a grabber, a regular grabber. Why, before Eva can get to a customer, she slips ahead of her, is that fair? She is quicker on her feet than you, Eva. ("She's little and I'm big.") But I've seen you dancing, my girl, and your feet seemed fairly to twinkle. (Eva smiles a bit.) Don't you think you'd better call her a hustler? Never

mind, I didn't say you weren't one, but before she came you could take your time. Now she shows you that to a sales girl there is no such thing as "your time." Time is madam's, and if Miss Schultz gets to her first, the real question is, Does madam like it? I'll watch you both for two days and keep in mind the important point for you, whether patrons are helped by this new situation or annoyed. Then I'll talk with you again. I know you haven't come here to hurt another girl's sales, only to see she doesn't hurt yours, isn't that it? Then put your best foot forward, and let's see. Is it a bargain? Eva Gottlieb had to learn that, instead of heavy feet that allied her, it was a sleepy mind, and she was being waked up. But she needed great drafts of ideas to get over the half-awake period.

IN this way I launched a new profession, the training of retail sales people. The work of this store was the beginning for ever-widening circles of similar work in Boston, in which other stores became interested. The public schools have taken part as well, and so have such admirable philanthropic institutions as the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. Other progressive stores here and there throughout the country also began to recognize the value of doing for the worker what had not been done before he or she began to work. So now there may be discerned dimly an educational movement in this direction in modern store life.

In some cases the store carries out the "welfare" idea only. In my work I have always mixed the two. Or, rather, I have never been able to draw the line between the two. A girl's short sales may be due to short shoes. So I've learned to tell the how-my-feet-ache expression when I look at a girl. A man's absent-mindedness with a customer may be due to a home anxiety which tends to overwhelm him. The kindly manager of a dress-goods department observed that one of his best men on a busy Monday sale day was not up to his usual briskness. He decided to say nothing to him, as he usually needed no prodding. Late that afternoon the salesman approached the buyer, saying quietly: "Mr. P—, may I go home a half hour earlier to-day? I lost my only son yesterday, and we bury him to-morrow; but I knew you needed me for the sale to-day, so I came in."

But sales people are not the only ones who have problems. There was the new buyer who sought private sessions. "You know in the smaller store where I came from I was assistant manager, and I used to go along and snap my fingers at some one and say: 'Look at the top of that shelf! There's enough dirt to shovel it off. Get a move on there.' But I find I can't do that here. And the fact is," he hitches his chair forward a bit and lowers his tone, "I like your way best here, and I want to get out of that dictatorial style." And he does. For he manfully faces my reports of his conduct, analyzes them from day to day, and sees it in the light of a new method—the old-new one of seeing in others yourself, and treating them as if you were they.

THE floor manager who comes with the whip-'em-in-line idea learns the meaning of my department and sees that "fair play" is the key to his permanency. "But, Miss Hirschler, you mustn't take away my determination." "But, Mr. Stone, can't you be determined and amiable too?" No answer. Then he laughs, and his new rôle has its beginning. I've shaken hands with many floor men since who say they like it better than the "shake" they got at our first meetings. But to shake is better than to be "shook."

I wonder if I ought to tell how my knees trembled the first time I told a manager that he spoke with unjust sharpness to a buyer. I knew it as a sample of what he had a tendency to do, and as it had just happened in front of me, the time and matter were evidently preordained.

So with apparent calmness I told him. (I was looking at his profile at the time.) There was a dreadful silence for a second. Then his eyes began to twinkle and the corners crinkle, and how he did laugh! He apologized to that buyer afterward, I found.

TRAIN instructors in my method, and they, using this as their basis, have ample play for individuality. One of them, Mr. Charles W. Hoyt of Galesburg, Ill., has started the interesting plan of

inviting the young people of the high school and other schools to evening classes, where he teaches the principles of business. Thus, as time goes on, the store may cull from the number young people who will be thinkers at their work, and eventually fill the higher positions so often cryingly vacant.

IF a man is willing to pay the price of thinking in his work there is no field of labor so promising in advancement as the store. I mean in regard to pay, in freedom to use initiative and individuality, in chances to keep in contact with the executive minds above him. This statement surprises you. But with the extraordinary growth of retail business we note, as part cause and part effect, the rise of the modern merchant. He is a man of mental power, logical, and a keen business thinker. He is thoroughly alive to commercial conditions with competition nipping him sharply at every turn. He is kept close to business on account of the enormous amount of detail connected with the profitable turnover of merchandise at retail.

And the point I make here is that he needs lieutenants of like caliber expressing these qualities in varying degrees. There are positions with some executive necessary, from general manager, through a series of department managers and aisle managers, to the minor ones of heads of stock. Then there are the auxiliary offices to manage. There are the depots for the coming and going of merchandise, not to mention whole workshops for manufacturing or repairing. Often there are laboratories putting up products for the toilet table, the kitchen, and the dining room. In fact, we frequently have in the store movement many industries under one roof.

TRUE, if the 500 or 5,000 members of any store should simultaneously begin to work their brain cells with rapidity, with the natural outlet of action, that management might not be able to place in promotion each one of them. But there would be a rush at once from all over the country, a race, I might say, to see what store could get there first, and everyone capable of any degree of responsibility secured at salaries of from \$20 a week to \$20,000 a year.

But what about the statements now made that the atmosphere of stores is morally contaminating?

I am convinced that there is no cleaner, freer opportunity for a girl to maintain her purity than in the open aisles of a store. Protected on all sides by the presence of the shopping public, she has not the oppression the stenographer often has in private offices, where a homely girl has a hard time finding a position and a pretty one keeping it and her purity too. Serving women with countless yards of ribbon a day, girls may be in a safer position than in private offices with 50 per cent of their husbands; the percentage is not given from collected statistics, but I submit it to you as not underestimated.

Again, the very great need for good organization in a successful store teaches the heads that immorality should be eliminated and prevented. Immorality along one line points to possible laxity in another. It may lead to thieving, or to the small thieves of time, by frequent absences, tardiness, and gossip with others. So there is a growing tendency to reject applicants who show the marks of impropriety. And, what is better, there is an increased firmness by managements to prevent influences that might tend to immorality.

IN Los Angeles one of my graduates, Mr. H. W. Sjostrom, teaches classes in salesmanship, and graduates yearly with imposing exercises those who pass a thorough set of examination questions. The store where he is employed carries merchandise at and below popular prices only. Yet a sales girl who is roughly or rudely spoken to by a customer there may touch a button at the end of the counter, and a man from a "committee" appears. He waits on the customer, explaining that this girl to whom he had said: "Here, you counter jumper, wait on me," was used to courtesy and was selected with care by the store as one who would render courtesy. So they could not allow her to be addressed that way. Invariably the customer, through the tact of the "committee," becomes interested and a closer friend of the store. This is wonderfully advanced, of

Ingenuous Advertising—Does It Pay?

DO YOU believe an advertiser when he tells you his product is the "Best in the World"—or do you suspect that his claim is exaggerated?

Wouldn't you like to see the superlative eliminated from all advertisements and have every advertiser talk to you in a plain, simple, straightforward manner—without frills or fancy phrases?

Some advertisers don't think it pays to be *Honest*, but those who have always been honest and those who have had the "courage" and gumption to try it *know* that it is the simplest, easiest, quickest, and "Best" way to get results. (I use the superlative here advisedly.)

Here is my idea of a genuine advertisement. Truth stands out in every line and you can't mistake it:—

"WE DO NOT RECOMMEND THESE GOODS; IF WE COULD THEY WOULD NOT BE HERE NOW"

"Everything described below has been in stock for more than one year, with the exception of a few lines of staples. We do not pretend that they are the latest and most fashionable goods that you can buy. Some of the lines which are subject to the whims of fashion are decidedly out of style. The only reason they are here now is because no one wanted to buy them. In some cases the materials are off color and the patterns are bad. They occupy valuable space which is needed at once for the display of new goods. They may not appeal to you at all—on the other hand, the prices are low enough to make every item on this page a 'bargain' as the word is generally understood."

Do you think it paid?

If you don't believe it did, write to the Parquet Department Store at Quebec, Canada, and let them tell you how it resulted in the most satisfactory clean-up sale in their sixty years of existence!

That ought to be proof enough for anybody.

A. C. J. Hammelshagen

—May We Send You This Book About Your Children's Reading?

If you are the parent of a boy or girl we have a copy of this book for you.

It is a wonderfully valuable little book, written in a popular style and illustrated with a colored reproduction of one of the most beautiful of Maxfield Parrish's paintings.

It tells the story of The Junior Classics, the 846 wonder tales and poems, the choicest work of 300 authors—the best literature for children to read, selected and arranged by William Patten, Managing Editor of the Harvard Classics, with an introduction by Charles W. Eliot, LL. D., President Emeritus of Harvard University, and a reading guide by William Allan Neilson, Ph. D., Professor of English, Harvard University. It answers these questions—

"How shall I select the books my boy or girl ought to read? Where can I find reading for children that will interest them and still help them?"

Who Are Your Children's Heroes?

Do you really know who your children's heroes are—not the flesh-and-blood heroes who may meet them in the hurly-burly of the playground—but the heroes who come to them in the quiet of their own rooms—their book associates?

Who are their real heroes and heroines in the hours that they spend alone? Who are the men and women who are made to seem to them wonderful, worthy to pattern after? Whoever they are, they have it in their power to shape the lives of your boy and girl permanently for good or evil.

Who are they?

The characters of cheap fiction? The grotesque creatures of the Sunday supplements? Or are they the great folk of literature whose character and achievements the whole world has honored?

"My Mother Never Read to Me"

8-23-13

P. F. Collier & Son
416 West 13th St.
New York

Please send me by mail my free copy of the book about my children's reading.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

A great educator says: "There is no academy on earth equal to a mother's reading to her child." But it does not need this testimony to establish that great truth; every par-

ent can prove it out of the experience of his own childhood. What are the pleasantest stories with which the memory of manhood and womanhood is stocked? The novels of the hour? The great essays or histories of literature? None of these can compare in sweetness to the memory of those stories of "Jack and the Beanstalk," of "Pilgrim's Progress," of "Cinderella's Slipper," of "Robinson Crusoe," or "Evangeline," with which the first evenings of life were made wonderful. No lecturer, however great his reputation or marvelous his story, can ever quite succeed in rivaling the charm of a mother's accents: no other literature can ever quite replace the stories of the hearthside.

"Show me a family of readers," said Napoleon, "and I will show you the people that move the world."

For Your Children's Sake—

—merely clip this coupon. What your children read is most important to you—for what they read determines what they are to be. This booklet brings you, in popular language, most suggestive and valuable information on the subject of your children's reading. It gives you the benefit of the advice of Professor Neilson and Dr. Eliot on this subject which is vitally important to you—the mental training of your boy or girl.

Your copy is ready for mailing and will be sent to you free of charge on return of the attached coupon.

CLIP THIS COUPON

course, over the average store. And against this I might place the one store, also of the same type of merchandise, that I know of my own knowledge openly shrugs its shoulders over the tendencies to which the women in the store may be subject by the men of the store. The second represents those stores which are on the decline and noted for an "atmosphere" in which the average middle-class woman shops little.

It is in the store as elsewhere. Those who let slip their womanhood easily find the way to do it. But no girl need be frightened and no mother fear to place her there if she holds herself simply sweet and pure, as thousands do, above thought of being aught else.

IN the training classes of a store those for the younger members—the stock girls, parcel clerks, and messengers—are important. We find them lacking in the rudiments of arithmetic. The multiplication table should be as much

a part of them as their fingers and toes, but it isn't. They should add rapidly with accuracy, but they too often add slowly with inaccuracy. Then the language needs attention.

EVERYTHING will come out well for them, however, if we train them to see when they look, when they hear to listen, and when they touch to take notice. In other words, to gain the habit of close attention, or concentration, is the basis of advancement. So I have observation games to show that we see with the mind and hear with the mind and touch with the mind.

At the same time other ways are trod more securely, and loose steps made firm—enthusiasm that comes with the growth of thinking power, interest aroused by learning about things, accuracy improved through competition with others that do better, and desire to be so accurate created by increased interest.

The Nothing Gift

(Concluded from page 17)

"Ah-ho! Ah-ho!" (Thank you!) I cried, confusedly.

Smiling, she thrust the hide into my hands.

One of the girls took it from me then, and, turning it wrong side out, folded it into a small roll so that I could tie it behind my saddle.

I LOOKED at the old woman. She looked at me. I took her hand. It is hard at times to do without articulate speech. But I had lived some years with the Indians; I had learned that there exist other forms of expression. I held the hand. I looked into her bright old eyes. She had honored me. She had made me her "nothing" gift. In money she might have received at the store for it ten times the value of what I had done for her. By the sweat of her brow, indeed, she had made it what it was. First, as I knew, she had staked it, "green," upon the ground and above it, bent double at the hips, her shawl secured about her waist, with her bone "flesher" she had

scraped and scraped at it with short, hard thrusts. And there was that "flesher" itself, made years and years ago by her own grandmother, perhaps, of the steamed and bent antler of an elk; and in order to hold its two halves at right angles to each other it was bound with rawhide lashed on wet and tied, and now shrunk and dried to the greatest solidity; the "flesher" marked with dots dug with a knife to record the years of the different children of the family. After that I knew how many days she must have sat, her feet braced, the ends of the dampened hide in her hands, drawing it back and forth, back and forth, around a post set in the ground, to soften it thus, until finally it became supple and pliable as a lady's scarf, this great black cowhide that she had given me, her best, perhaps her all.

I looked about the meager cabin. I sought her eyes again. And yet I had but one word to offer.

"Ah-ho!" I faltered. "Ah-ho!" (Thank you!) It was my only possible return.



Mr. Rabbit: "We will be mighty glad to have you stay to dinner if you don't mind taking 'potluck'!"

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A.T. SCHOONMAKER, M.D.,
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Westfield Board of Health,
Westfield, Mass.
July 25, 1913.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY,
416 West 13th Street,
New York City.

ATTENTION OF STURGES DORRANCE.

Dear Mr. Dorrance:

This letter is to call your attention to the fact that the Third Edition of the Westfield Book of Pure Foods contains listings of 437 products that did not appear in the Second Edition, - the result of recent laboratory tests.

You will probably want to use this information in one of the regular Westfield pages in Collier's, so that holders of old books can secure new editions giving them information about food products that have been recently tested and not included in former issues.

Yours very truly,
WESTFIELD BOARD OF HEALTH.
A.T. Schoonmaker M.D.
Chairman.

On this page are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS. 8-25-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which please send me the "Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name.....

Street.....

Post Office.....

State.....

Who's Your Grocer?



STAG TOBACCO

90c a pound in the glass humidor jar.

Also specially packed in half size, handy 5 cent tins that hold just enough tobacco to keep FRESH until it is smoked.



The highest grade tobacco made.

With a NATURAL FRAGRANCE and FLAVOR that NO tobacco ever had before.

EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD

